EPTEMBER 28, 1963. VOL. CCLIV. NO. 3304.

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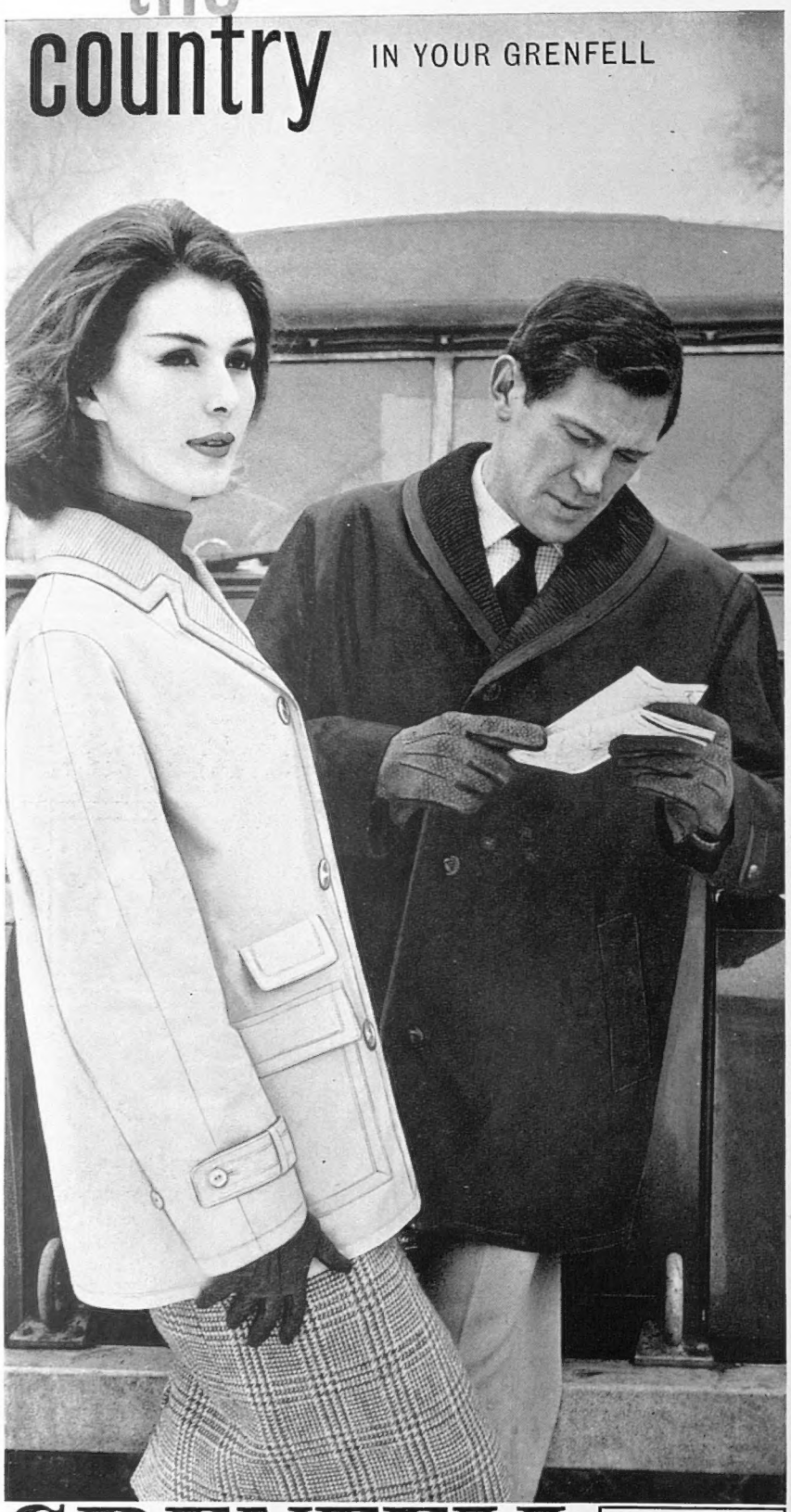

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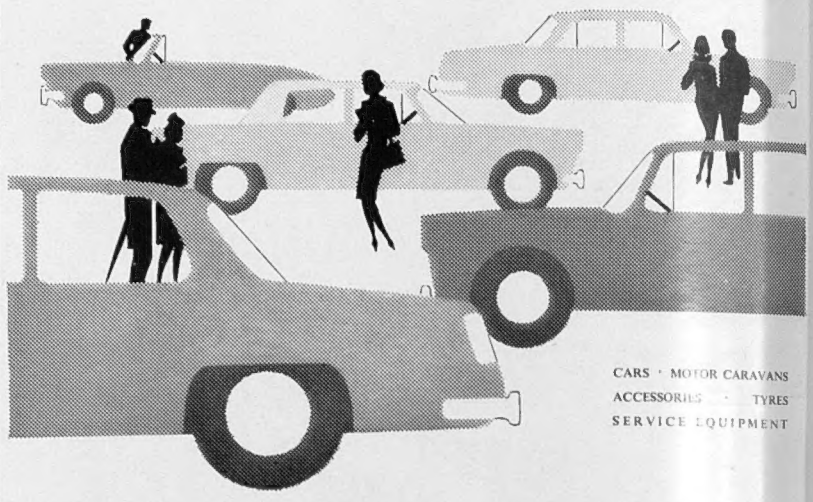

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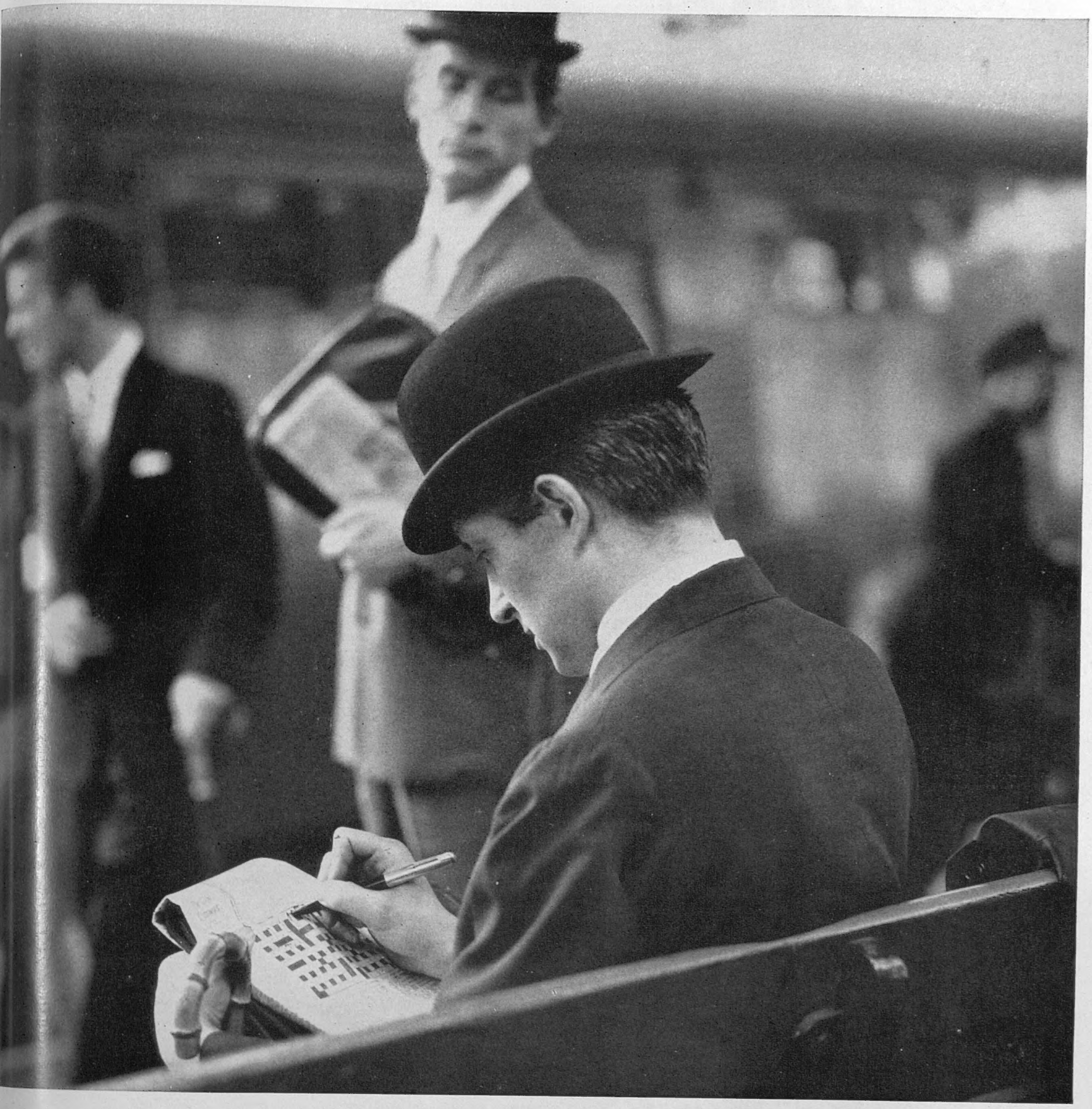

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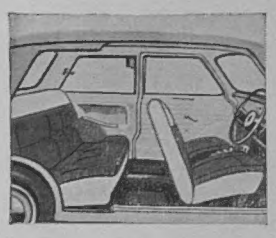

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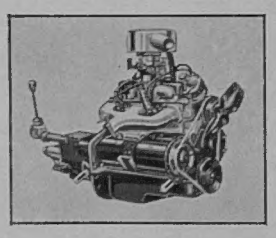

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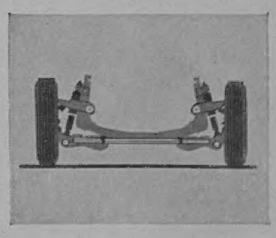

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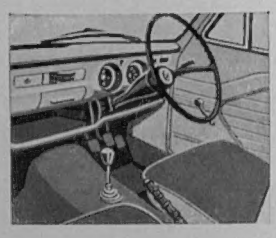

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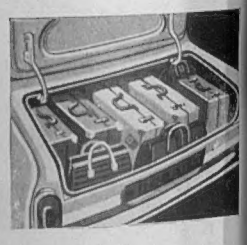

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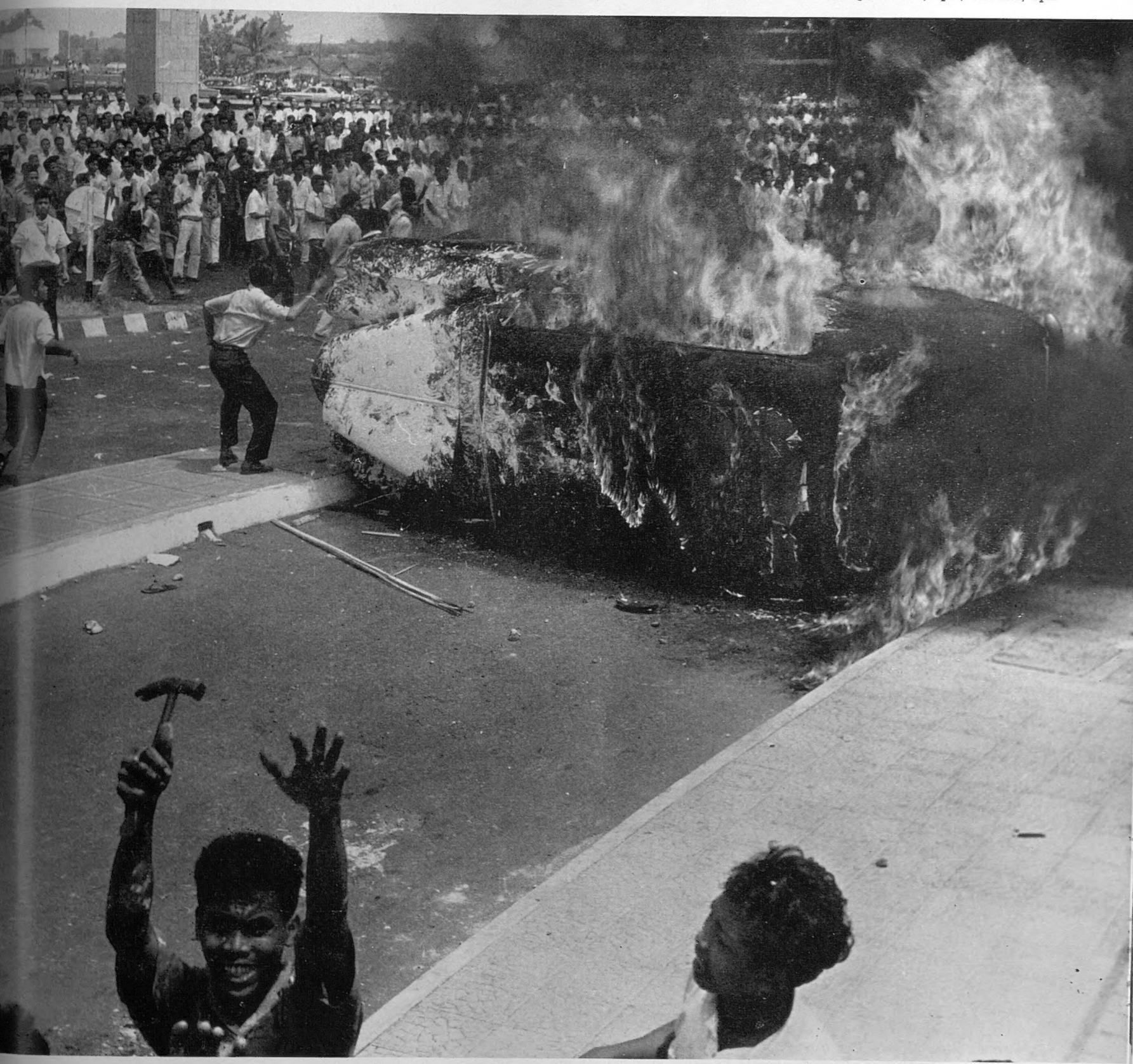


A riotous mob surrounds the blazing car of Mr Gilchrist, British Ambassador in Jakarta. Demonstrators screaming against the formation of Malaysia had invaded the British Embassy in the Indonesian capital and burned it down. A group of 22 Britons, including the Ambassador, was stoned. Other British property in the town was wrecked and looted. Martial law was proclaimed by the Indonesian Government. An air lift was organised of RAF planes and civilian airliners to fly British and Australian women and children to Singapore (see pp. 440-443)

FLAMES IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

NEWS SUMMARY

Varying moods at the U.N.; stern words from Moscow to Pekin; Denning week in Britain

At a luncheon given in New York by U Thant, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, with him are Mr Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, Dr Carlos Sosa-Rodriguez of Venezuela, this year's President of the U.N. General Assembly, President Kennedy and Mr Lester Pearson, the Prime Minister of Canada

INTERNATIONAL

The easing of tension between the two great powers—Russia and America—was reflected in the speeches of Mr Gromyko and President Kennedy in the first week of the session of the U.N. General Assembly in New York. Mr Gromyko suggested a Summit next year of the 18 nations on the Geneva Disarmament Conference. President Kennedy proposed a joint US-Soviet expedition to the moon. "Why should man's first flight to the moon be a matter of national competition?" he asked.

On another of the urgent problems of today—race relations—the Assembly was in very different mood. When the South African delegate sought to enter a protest against the placing of an anti-apartheid motion on the agenda, the Afro-Asian members walked out.

Delegates from 92 airlines at the International Air Transport Association's conference in Salzburg went into recess last weekend. Although apparently they had agreed that there should be reductions in fares across the North Atlantic, they had not agreed on the form or nature of the cuts. They will reassemble in Salzburg on October 29.

THE VATICAN

The Pope announced last weekend that reforms of the Curia—the central government of the Roman Catholic Church—would be one of the prime subjects to be considered when the Ecumenical Council was resumed on September 29. Three points were made by the Pope: (1) the bureaucratic machinery of the Church should be modernised; (2) the officials of the Curia—now predominantly Italians from Rome—should be drawn from all countries; and (3) the government of the Church should be decentralised.

COMMUNISM

Sino-Soviet relations grew worse than ever over the weekend with the publication in Moscow of a government statement. It was the strongest condemnation of China by Russia to date, on both the ideological and territorial fronts. China was told to stop doctrinal attacks on Soviet Communism and resume efforts to solve the conflict by discussion and was warned that the Soviet Union had been "put on its guard" by hostile Chinese acts on their mutual border. Unless the Chinese mended their ways they would be met with "the most decisive rebuff on the part of the Soviet Communist Party and the entire Soviet people."

In Prague the long-awaited changes in the government and party organisation were announced. Mr Siroky, Premier for the last ten years, was relieved of his post and expelled from the Presidium. He was replaced by Mr Josef Lenart, hitherto President of the Slovak National Council. About a quarter of the Siroky ministry lost their posts, including most of the ministers responsible for economic affairs. The changes show that (1) the process of de-Stalinisation is being speeded up in Czechoslovakia and (2) an effort is being made to recover from the current economic position.

GREAT BRITAIN

Political loins were girded this week, with the expected publication of the Denning Report in full. Its content—and the public reactions to it—was one of the imponderables in the speculation on the future of Mr Macmillan and the possibility of a general election this autumn. Mr Macmillan rejected a request by Mr Wilson for an early recall of Parliament to debate the Report. Unless the Prime Minister has second thoughts, it will be debated when Parliament reassembles on October 29. Before that date, the Labour Party will hold its party conference next week at Scarborough, and the Conservatives theirs, at Blackpool, the following week.

It was widely reported in London that the Cabinet had been unable by the beginning of this week to agree on a brief for Lord Home on the question of the American proposal of the multi-manned Nato naval force. The Cabinet was to have further discussion before Lord Home left last Wednesday for talks in Washington with Mr Dean Rusk. He was also to attend the U.N. Assembly.

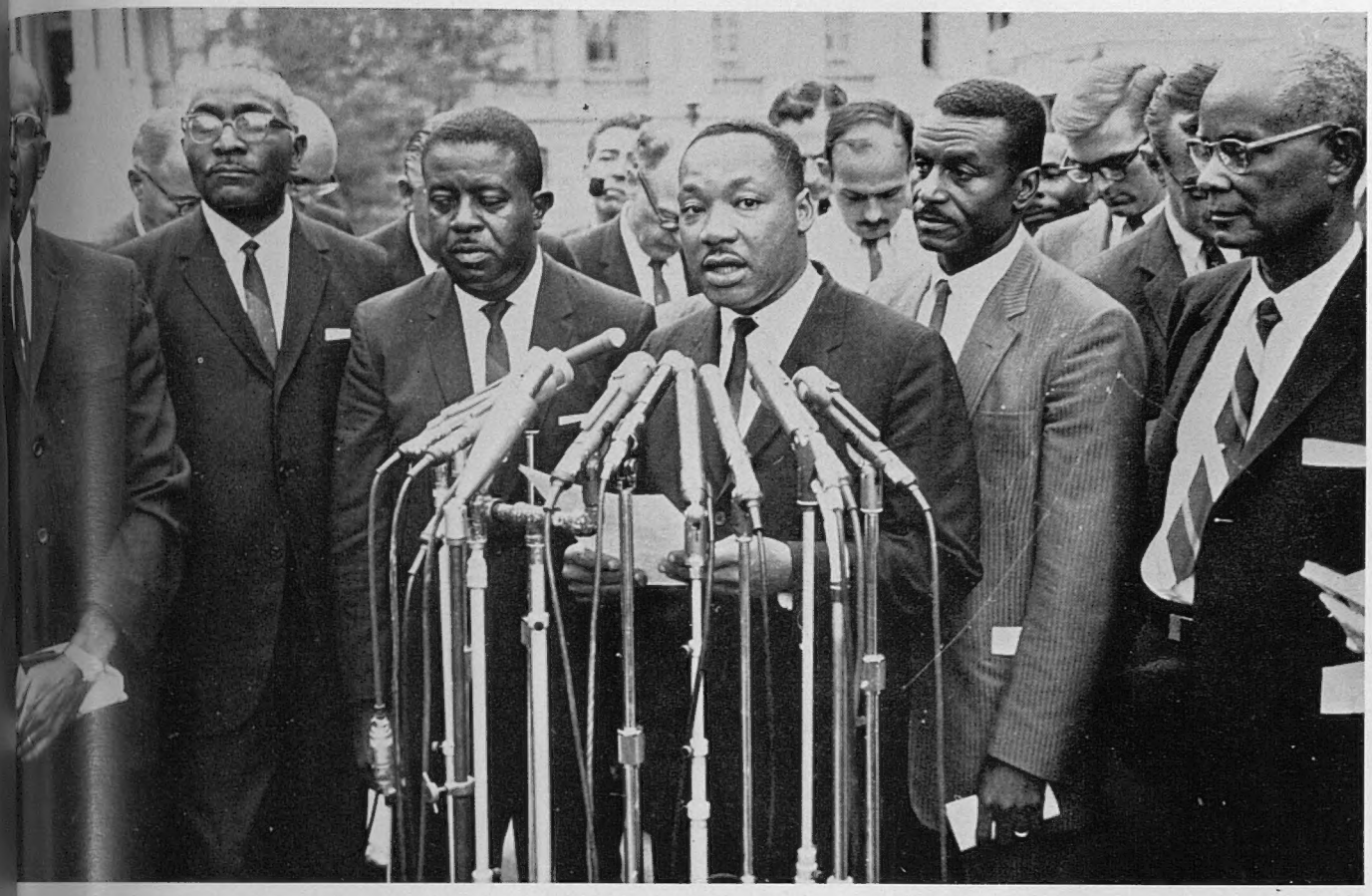
Mr Sandys, the Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, is in the midst of a busy period. The Kenya conference opened at Lancaster House to decide the last steps before full independence on December 12. The Zanzibar independence conference, also in London, continued this week. The Commonwealth Finance Ministers met at Marlborough House. One of the subjects for consideration was the effects of the breakdown of the EEC negotiations. The Governor of Nyasaland, Sir Glynn Jones, and Dr Banda, Prime Minister of Nyasaland, were in London to discuss the transfer of power, probably next year, to Nyasaland. Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, was due to arrive on Wednesday, and last weekend yet another Commonwealth leader, Dr Cheddi Jagan, of British Guiana, flew in.

UNITED STATES

It seemed clear that Washington was fully prepared to go ahead with the American proposal for a mixed-manned Nato nuclear force, and was ready to transfer one or two ships to mixed Nato crews as training ships. Talks between the US, West Germany, Italy, Greece and Turkey are to resume, in two committees, one in Washington and the other in Paris, in October. The U.S. said it hoped that Britain would join in these talks, even if only on an observer basis. These discussions are concerned with the political, legal and technical problems. One political factor which has speeded the proposed multilateral force is the decision of West Germany to go in, whether or not Britain joins.

In the issue of September 21, in the article "Making Medicines," by G. E. Yates, the reference to exports should have concluded: "The great bulk of exports are of branded goods," not "unbranded goods."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



Co-operation on race rights in US 437

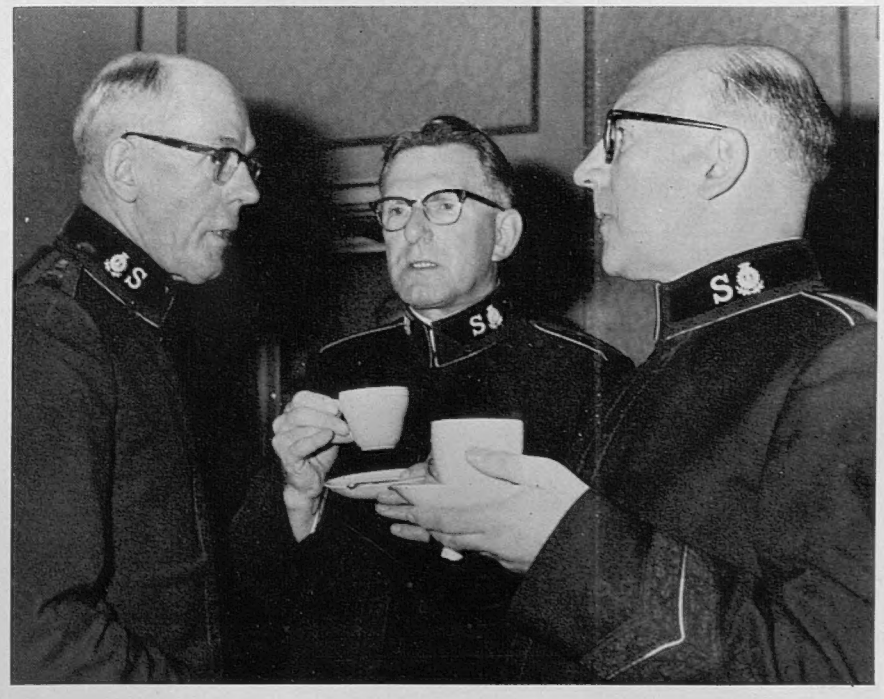
Negro leaders hold a press conference outside the White House in Washington after meeting President Kennedy to discuss the situation in Birmingham, Alabama. The meeting took place last weekend at the time when funeral services were being held in the city for the four negro girls killed by a bomb planted under the steps of a church. From left the negro leaders are: Bishop H. I. Murchison; Dr Lucius Pitts; the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, Dr King's deputy; the Rev. Martin Luther King, President of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference; Rev. Fred L. Shuttlesworth, leader of the Alabama Human Rights Movement; and Rev. J. L. Ware. White Alabama leaders met President Kennedy this week

Farewell to Dr Adenauer?

Dr Adenauer is wearing the Papal decoration of the Supreme Order of Christ, after his audience with the Pope in the Vatican. After his visit to Rome last week Dr Adenauer went to France for the weekend to see President de Gaulle. They were his last discussions as West German Chancellor with the French President. Dr Adenauer is to retire next month

Who will lead the Salvation Army?

Members of the High Council of the Salvation Army, Commissioner F. L. Coutts; Lieut.-Commissioner Albert Mingay; and Commissioner Frank Fairbank, continue discussions over a cup of tea. They were three of the 49 members of the Council meeting at Sunbury-on-Thames to elect a new leader of the Salvation Army, to succeed General Wilfred Kitching



Remustered for the day

The Earl of Avon shakes hands with former members of No. 500 (County of Kent) Squadron, Royal Auxiliary Air Force, in a ceremony at Maidstone. He presented a standard to the squadron which was remustered for the day to receive it. The squadron, disbanded in 1957, often flew Lord Avon on Government duties when he was Premier and he was the squadron's honorary Air Commodore

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

438 **Princess Anne on her way to school:** The Queen is welcomed by the stationmaster of King's Cross Station as she arrives in London with her daughter, Princess Anne. They travelled from Scotland last week to go to Benenden School in Kent, where Princess Anne was beginning her first term. Subsequently the Queen returned from London to Balmoral for the remainder of her holiday. It was announced earlier in the week that the Queen was expecting a baby in the New Year, her fourth. She is 37. The announcement from Buckingham Palace went on to say that the Queen would undertake no more public engagements after leaving Balmoral in October

Remembering the Battle of Arnhem A silent column of men, headed by many veterans of the battle of Arnhem, takes part in the commemorative march from Arnhem market square to the Rhine Bridge in memory of the battle fought in September, 1944

Britain gets its four-minute warning The checkout control panel of the ballistic missile early warning system station at Fylingdales in North Yorkshire: it is used to check the mass of radar equipment. Fylingdales was officially completed last week, three months late

New Archbishop in London Dr Heenan, Archbishop-designate of Westminster, waves to a large crowd as he arrives at Archbishop's House from Liverpool

JOHN CONNELL

A VISIT TO AFRICA

Ghana's chief delegate at the United Nations, launching the Afro-Asian nations' attack on Southern Rhodesia before the Security Council, described the situation there as " explosive." On the day he made his first speech it happened that I was in Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia. A complete, if slightly drowsy, calm pervaded the city. The jacaranda trees, which are among its glories, were in flower, a fortnight early. I had to pay a call in the office of the Prime Minister of the Federation, which is to die at the year's end. There were far fewer formalities, there was a far greater ease of access to the inner sanctum, than I have encountered in visiting the mayor of a London metropolitan borough.

The plain fact is that, as Sir Patrick Dean pointed out (to the unfeigned surprise and relief of Southern Rhodesians), Ghana's indictment was a perversion of the truth. That Sir Patrick had lately visited Southern Rhodesia, and had seen the state of affairs for himself, must undoubtedly have had some effect on both the matter and the manner of the defence which he presented. But it is also true—though this was not, at the time, fully appreciated in Salisbury—that Sir Patrick's eloquent and forceful observations were a defence of Her Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, and did not amount to, and must not be interpreted as, a belated and " imperialist " stand to justify the policies of the present Southern Rhodesian Government or its predecessors. The relationship between Mr Macmillan and Mr Butler on one side and Mr Winston Field on the other is equivocal—to me a dismally familiar phenomenon in this process of the liquidation of colonialism.

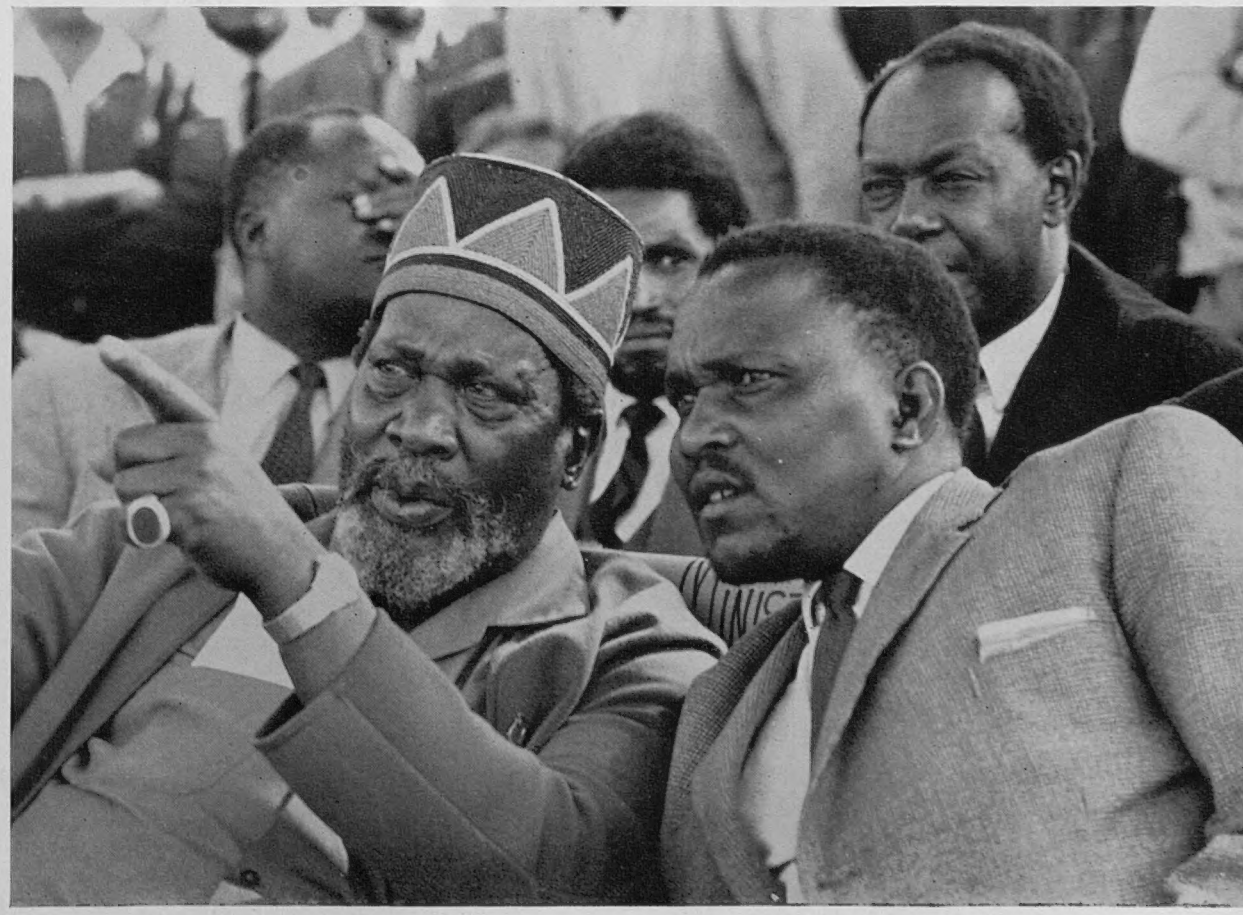
As I have hastened about Africa, some 33,000 ft above her brown, sunbaked, still overwhelmingly empty savannahs, I have been granted a little time in which to ponder some of the more quickly forgotten factors, political and personal, in this relationship between Britain and Africa. It is only ten years this October since the foundation of the Central African Federation; and I have been lucky enough to see something of what it achieved: in matters like health services and education for all races, in communication and transport (Central African Airways, for example, brings in a profit as well as providing one of the most efficient air services in the whole of Africa), and in that tremendous project, the Kariba Dam. I have just spent three days on the Kariba Lake, where the water level is at the highest it has ever been. Apart altogether from the power capacity that is now being generated and stored, this vast inland sea—the largest artificial lake ever constructed by man—has a tremendous sporting and tourist potential. On the south side of the lake the combination of water and mountain scenery rivals Norway and the West of Scotland, though I must admit that I have never beside Loch Broom or Loch Ewe been scared of crocodile as I was in the Senangi Gorge, nor have I been awakened in Torridon by the raucous barking of troops of baboons. But in that setting it was difficult not to feel a good deal of sadness at the thought that the political and economic apparatus which made possible the building of the dam was being rapidly dismantled. The Federation will cease to exist on December 31.

If the Rhodesians' fate is hard and their future obscure—despite the fact that, on the day Britain exercised her veto in the Security Council, the *Rhodesia Herald's* first leader was headed " Britain came up trumps "—the situation of the Kenyans of all races can only, I think, be described as disquietening. Mr Jomo Kenyatta goes about the country making sensible, moderate speeches; on the day I arrived in Nairobi he addressed a vast crowd at Limuru. But I must add I did hear that Asians who didn't attend his meeting or turn out to cheer him along the road to and from it were given a warning that Kanu expected them to mend their ways in future. My own assessment is that British farmers are streaming out of the country as fast as they can. Administratively the framework of the civil service and the police is still maintained, and it is not without significance that not a few young African officials and officers say that they intend to put their duty above politics, but the effects of the departure of senior men, of experience and independent judgment, are already apparent.

There are reliable reports of the existence of a campaign, among former Mau Mau terrorists and leaders of the Land Freedom Army, against the moderation which Mr Jomo Kenyatta preaches so assiduously. These men are without the plums of power and wealth which they thought their activities would procure for them, and they are angry and resentful. Oathing on quite a large scale is said to be taking place, and the oaths are directed against Mr Kenyatta. It is by no means certain that he will live to see the dawn of independence on December 12—an event for which lavish preparations are being made. The disgruntled toughs, on the other hand, are reportedly making *their* plans, the principal item of which, I gather, is a night of slaughter, on December 11. These purposes will, I think, be frustrated; but the mood and temper underlying them can hardly be said to bode well for Kenya.

The present interim government has taken hold of the conduct of external relations with determination. But it also sometimes seems to me to be irresponsible. Mr Mboya's threat to exclude from the use of Nairobi Airport any airline flying to or from South Africa was not made idly, and is virtually certain to be carried out.

It will, I reckon, do the gravest harm to organisations like BOAC and Central African Airways. South African Airways no longer land at Nairobi, and the present pressure on other lines is considerable. The individual South African citizen, even in transit, is subjected to subtle harassment. Last Wednesday morning, while I was waiting to board my aircraft for London, a special charter flight, arranged by Alitalia for an impressive array of South African Red Cross ladies returning from a trip to Europe, put in for refuelling. Could they get a cup of tea or coffee? The Alitalia ground staff had to give the services that the waiters and waitresses refused. It was an oddly unpleasant manifestation of that drift towards a colour war in Africa, which Sir Roy Welensky mentioned in a recent speech.



Reconciliation in Kenya—Mr Kenyatta and Mr Paul Ngei, leader of the African People's Party, at a rally in Nairobi. Mr Ngei and his followers last week crossed the Floor of the House to support Mr Kenyatta

FLAMES IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

440 The battle of the British Embassy in Jakarta was continuing at the beginning of this week. Although the £180,000 modern building was now little more than a shell, Mr Gilchrist, the Ambassador, was inside it on the second floor, standing guard over the still intact strong room. He had stormed his way in past police trying to stop him. Western diplomatists, including several Ambassadors, went to the building to assist him, but were reported to have been refused access by heavily armed police. Mr Gilchrist was understood to have learnt that Indonesian Government employees were trying to break into the strong room.

A week after the inauguration of Malaysia, to which Indonesia had shown such violent opposition, British businessmen in Indonesia were formulating compensation claims for damage to their property against the Indonesian Government. In London the Foreign Office, having protested in the strongest terms to the Indonesian Ambassador regarding the outrages in Jakarta and elsewhere, was pressing for precise information about President Sukarno's intentions towards the British interests he had taken over to "safeguard."

Malaysia remained in a state of military preparedness. Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister, had used his personal influence to stop at least one anti-Indonesian demonstration in Kuala Lumpur. From Singapore came clear evidence of popular support for its membership of the Federation in the resounding victory of Mr Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime Minister, and his People's Action Party in the general election.

Above: Some of the mob running berserk outside the British Embassy in Jakarta tear to pieces the Union Jack, which they had just seized from the mast outside the building. This was part of the prelude to the assault on the Embassy and the setting of it on fire

Top right: Crowds at the Embassy of Malaysia in the Indonesian capital. The building was another target of violent demonstrations of Indonesian hostility to the inauguration of Malaysia

Right: Windows are smashed and papers and furniture hurled to the ground as the British Embassy is pillaged and ransacked before it was set alight

Left : Smoke and flames pour from the British Embassy. It was almost completely gutted as a result of the arson. The new building was opened only a year ago

Below: As the assault mounts, employees of the British Embassy retire in good order. In spite of the stoning to which some of them were subjected by the rioters, no one was seriously injured. Most of their assailants were youths (more pictures overleaf)

FLAMES IN S.E. ASIA *continued from page 441*

Right: An adult seeks to restrain a youth hurling a stone at the Indonesian Embassy in Kuala Lumpur. This violent demonstration was one of those organised in retaliation to the attacks made by Indonesians on the Malaysian, British and United States Embassies and other properties in Jakarta

Below: A portrait of President Sukarno is carried upside down in a protest march in the Malaysian capital. Later it was burnt outside the Indonesian Embassy

Bottom: Jeers and shouts outside the Indonesian Embassy in Kuala Lumpur. Windows were smashed, furniture destroyed and a small fire started

Above: The Yang di-Pertuan Agong, the Supreme Ruler of Malaysia, leaves the Kampong Bahru Mosque in Kuala Lumpur, after attending a service of prayer for the new Federation. Behind him is Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of the Federation

Left: At the celebrations in London to mark the inauguration of Malaysia, Mr Macmillan proposes the toast of the Yang di-Pertuan Agong. Raising their glasses with him are Tunku Ya'acob, the Malaysian High Commissioner in London, and Tunku Maimunah, his wife. Several other Ministers were among the guests and so was Mr Harold Wilson, Labour's leader

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

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444 **Harold calling, and Jo shouting**

The Voice of Mr Harold Wilson calling for reforms of every kind of Britain's outworn system rings out non-stop. Even his voice must grow husky if the general election is deferred till next October, for there will be nothing left to call for reform. Only on the question of streamlining the trade unions to "meet the challenge of our times" does his voice grow *sotto* and only on his policy as regards nationalisation more equivocal. For the rest his range is all-embracing—reform of the whole machinery of Government and the civil service, of education and housing, of colonial and foreign affairs, of farming, transport and methods of taxation. Soon enough now, reinstated in an expensively reformed No. 10, the voice of the other Harold will be heard calling the nation to a burst of modified zeal for more moderate reforms. But an inevitable note of "ca'canny" in his voice is bound to reduce the volume and impact of his call to the nation. He may well take the view that the other Harold's programme of reforms after the next general election may be too bulky and dangerous to achieve even during a five-year term of power. He may even be less certain than Mr Wilson about the result of the general election whenever it occurs. The voice of Liberalism at Brighton has been not less clamorous for reform than Mr Wilson's—and not less confident. Britain is to be modernised from attic to cellar and not a single room specified by him for renovation is omitted from the Liberal programme. As many as 500 candidates may be put into the field; and craven fears of lost deposits were dissipated in the strong air of Brighton and the warmer atmosphere of the Regent's Stables. *Vox et praeterea nihil?* You can't call a general election nothing.

Seven years hence

On the other hand, we are already entitled to describe the modern form of party political activity, with its bids and counter-bids for votes, its mutual vituperation, as a sordid form of light entertainment; and already historians and sociologists have been painting the picture of the plight of the individual and the humiliation of the party-politician a few years hence. The individual man in all western countries will have become an anonymous unit in his form of wage-earning; he will work as a team and he will be instructed as a team. He will be much better informed about the work he does as a team, and that knowledge may dissipate many of the jealousies and suspicions which today bedevil industrial relations. But with that mass education will come to him a clearer, cooler view of the efficiency demanded of his governments, his managements, his bureaucracy. When general elections come round, he will cast his vote, with a group understanding of what can reasonably be done, and on a basis of proved efficiency and not of glib promises. Inured to anonymous existence in a group, he will for some time longer be uncomfortable if he should ever find himself temporarily in a condition to think or act as an individual; and, as a groupist, he will accept the necessity for group directors and will see to it that they are 100 per cent. efficient. His group, he will insist, must be looked after from the cradle to the grave, efficiently educated and cared for in mind and body and provided with the means to enjoy increasing leisure. And then, no doubt, the reaction will soon set in. He will grow tired of being looked after *en masse*; will suspect that his grandsire—content with little—had something he has never enjoyed—a fierce individuality, the pride and joy of working with his own hands the thing that is good, the power and pleasure of thinking for himself and for his family. He will recall that a century before his time, his ancestors positively found happiness *in rebus angustis*, delighted in their craftsmanship, thought for themselves (with the minimum of state education and mass suggestion) and found their own recreations and hobbies. When that reaction comes, he will be unlikely to feel more sympathetic or less cynical about the governments, the party-politicians, the managements and the bureaucracies which turned him into a robot and brought about his revolt from groupism. The party system will remain in its grave when that reaction comes.

Hard work for a petty sessional bench

As a former lay magistrate, I feel great sympathy with the Linslade Bench. They have, since the Great Mail Train Robbery, vindicated the value of that much abused, misunderstood, voluntary service of lay magistrates. A weekly, or even fortnightly, session, if prolonged into the afternoon, often proves both tiring and troublesome to busy lay magistrates. The Linslade Bench have been working for a long time, and over time, over the Mail Train affair. When at last their preliminary work is finished, it may well be that the

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Above: Two frigates—HMS *Urchin* and HMS *Venus*—moored in the Pool of London. *Venus* is the flagship of Admiral Sir Charles Madden, C-in-C, Home Fleet, who last week began his first visit to London since becoming C-in-C

whole practice of committal, as for centuries performed under our laws, may be called in question again, and possibly also the argument for the substitution of a stipendiary for volunteer laymen on local benches will again be raised. The old system works well enough with the usual run of trivial cases. When a very big case comes up for hearing and committal, the procedure may seem a little out of date.

Non-proven still

It takes time to prove the validity of proverbs, legends, old saws and superstitions. Take the St. Swithin's 40 days' rain legend, for example. So far as I could understand a learned letter to *The Times* last week, this legend is not disproved, if after a wet July 20, rain does *not* fall for 40 consecutive days. It is quite enough (and I agree) if rain falls on only 25 out of 40 days. In any case a few centuries are all too short a time in which to test this legend. It will be perhaps possible to settle the question ten centuries hence. Even then, it won't be possible to dismiss or affirm it in my Hampshire locality. We always have a great deal more precipitation than London does. London had a good deal less than its average in July and August. We enjoyed a good deal more—certainly twice as much. From which I deduce that St. Swithin's was a local curse and not a national proverb. It is still too soon to settle the ladder superstition. Generations of mankind still unborn must risk the danger of walking under ladders before the truth can be known from vital statistics, and thousands more looking-glasses must be shattered before we can accurately measure the ill-luck which falls on those who break them. *The Old Stager*

Left: On the bridge of *Urchin*, Admiral Madden is with Lieutenant-Commander G. R. T. Duffay, commanding the frigate

Above far left: Two London students are dwarfed by giant ornate lanterns, from the Cumberland Screen, now stored in the Ministry of Public Building and Works' storage depot at Hyde Park. The screen, which formed an impressive entrance to Hyde Park at Marble Arch, was dismantled to make way for the Park Lane improvement scheme. First erected in 1910 and 60 yards long, the screen—iron gates, railings and lanterns—is now up for sale and the Ministry has been hoping to get an offer for the screen in its entirety

ALL THE GAY YOUNG GIRLS

446 Two new films show that the magnet of Paris has lost none of its pull for Americans: the sentiment that all the gay young girls should go to Paris to acquire a sense of life, defined in the twenties by Scott Fitzgerald, is obviously still very much alive. The two films are *A New Kind of Love*, a glossy Paramount comedy starring Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, opening at the Plaza shortly, and *In the French Style*, at the Columbia Theatre. This stars Jean Seberg in a film based closely on short stories by Irwin Shaw. Made with a brash confidence, *A New Kind of Love* finds its impetus in a delightful comic performance by Joanne Woodward. She plays a career girl, working as a buyer in a ready-to-wear store. At first, defiantly unglamorous, she changes under the impact of Paris, where she goes, naturally, to see the Collections. Slight undertones of transvestism add an edge to the film. *In the French Style* is a much quieter and more delicately made film. It tells the story of a young American girl, inevitably studying art in Paris, and her adventures and affaires. What seems a trite theme is lifted out of the rut by the producer's and director's own kind of honesty and by the performance of Jean Seberg. She conveys, between the lines rather than through them, the feeling of emotional loss that all good times have to be paid for, in Paris as anywhere else. **JW**

Above: On the way to Paris by air, Sam (Joanne Woodward) is accosted by Steve (Paul Newman), pretending to be a waiter
Right: Furious at Steve's jokes about her boyish appearance, Sam, in a blonde wig, gains his attentions by pretending to be an elegant woman of the world
Above right: Unmasked, at least unwigged, Sam takes a swing at Steve

Top: Christina (Jean Seberg), a young girl from the American Middle West, comes to Paris to study art for a year and stays for four years.
Left: Her first affaire is with Guy (Philippe Forquet), a Frenchman

Above: Considerably later, as the years have passed, Christina decides to break off her longstanding relationship with Walter Beddoes (Stanley Baker), right, a journalist unable to settle down. Centre is Dr Haislip (James Leo Herlihy)

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

448

HIGH COMMISSIONERS IN LONDON—PAKISTAN

Lieutenant-General Mohammed Yousuf has spent seven years as a High Commissioner, representing Pakistan in Australia and New Zealand from 1956-59 and from then in Britain. This week he leaves London to become his country's Ambassador in Afghanistan. "I speak the language" he says with typical modesty—his father was a Civilian Official in Baluchistan—but his friends in London, while deeply regretting his departure, appreciate that the appointment to Kabul, a post of the utmost importance in the current situation in Asia, is a recognition of the General's outstanding abilities.

His friends are legion, or to use a more up-to-date term, a multi-lateral nuclear striking force of affection who would agree that one of his most charming qualities is his informal approach—a taking-into-confidence—of even casual acquaintances. This certainty of himself and of his impact on others I would suspect derives from his days as a military commander. A product of Sandhurst in its old days as the Royal Military College—"I represented the College in the long jump in the tripartite sports competition with Woolwich and Cranwell"—the future High Commissioner was attached for a year to the York and Lancaster Regiment. After this he joined the 7th Light Cavalry in India and then came the war with very active service in Arakan and Assam. He commanded a brigade in 1948. He succeeded his future President, Field-Marshal (then General) Ayub Khan, as G.O.C. East Pakistan and later became Chief of General Staff, Pakistan Army. He retired in 1956. General Yousuf was appointed Honorary Colonel of Probyn's Horse this year.

Did he find the transformation from military to diplomatic affairs difficult? "I was very nervous at first but I soon found myself among old friends. For instance when I went to Australia, the Governor-General was Field-Marshal Slim under whom I'd served in Burma." He can quote many other cases in his experience of meeting old friends in new positions. Personal relations, he believes, are an important force in the Commonwealth. During his time in London there have been three Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conferences. He is convinced that the fact the various Heads of Government know each other personally makes all the difference.

The 54-year-old diplomatist carries his years with ease. He will be 55 on the 14th of next month, but his active sporting interests are unaffected. "I played polo up to last year. Somehow I've not found time for it this year." (He is a member of the Household Brigade Polo Club at Windsor.) His shooting this year will be curtailed in this country by his departure.

The shrewd appreciations which he must have given when he was a senior military officer continue to come from him as he surveys the diplomatic field. "You must always be careful not to exaggerate any given situation." China's intentions, he suggests, may be a case in point. The General is a great believer in the value of Cento. "Turkey is important and so is Iran."

Top: The High Commissioner in his room in London

Above: At a reception with President Ayub Khan

Above right: After a game of golf with Tunku Abdul Rahman, Malaya's Premier, who was visiting Britain

General Yousuf is now taking up a post outside the Commonwealth. Yet in the long run the Commonwealth is bound to be the benefactor from the wise counsel he takes to the troubled Asian scene. *Charles Dimont*

This is the second in a series of profiles of High Commissioners in London which is appearing in the Voice of Commonwealth from time to time. The first, of Mr Chagla, Indian High Commissioner, who is retiring, was published last week.

With the Duke of Gloucester and Lord Slim

HONG KONG

Lord Lansdowne, the British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, recently paid a three-day official visit to the Colony. During his stay he went to the newly-opened Queen Elizabeth Hospital, one of the largest hospitals in the Commonwealth. In the photograph left, Lord Lansdowne (second from left) watches nurses making up sets of instruments for the operating theatres of the hospital. Below, he is being shown round the Applied Mechanics section of the Hong Kong Technical College.

Lighters at work in the phosphate loading depot in Boat Harbour on Nauru Island in the Pacific Ocean

AUSTRALIA

Moving an island

For some time, the Australian Government has been seeking a new home for the 2,500 indigenous people of Nauru, an island of eight square miles in the Pacific Ocean, 26 miles south of the Equator. The choice seems likely to be Curtis Island, which lies just off the coast of Australia's tropical State of Queensland. Rich deposits of phosphate, Nauru's only economic asset, are expected to be exhausted within 20-30 years. Plans for resettlement of the Nauruans have been under joint consideration by the Australian Government and Nauruan representatives. Nauru is a joint trust territory of Australia, New Zealand and Britain under mandate and is administered by Australia.

Curtis Island is one of some dozen islands which have been inspected. The proposal is to start to resettle the Nauruans on another island as soon as a suitable one can be agreed on. It would probably take at least five years then to carry out the plan. In 1961 the Australian Government offered the Nauruans Australian citizenship and resettlement on the mainland but the Nauruans said they wished to preserve their racial identity. For the same reason they were not interested in offers of resettlement as citizens in New Zealand or Britain.

A number of islands off the Australian coast have been inspected by Nauruan representatives. They were (*Continued on following page*)

MOVING AN ISLAND

continued from page 449

not impressed with Curtis Island when they inspected it from the air—they thought it looked too flat—but following a later visit and more favourable reports by the Head Chief of Nauru, Cr. Hammer de Roburt, the Nauruan Resettlement Committee spent several days there during May, 1963. The committee decided to report to the Nauru Local Government Council that Curtis Island would be suitable. Australia's willingness to consider resettlement on Curtis Island if the Nauruans finally select it was stated at a United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting in New York by Australia's special representative. He said that each Nauruan family would be provided with a house costing about £A4,000, and basic furniture. Health and educational services would be established, plus industries to provide employment. Any specific plan will have to be worked out in consultation with the State of Queensland, which owns Curtis Island.

Curtis Island, like many of the small and sparsely inhabited islands off the Australian coast, is not well known by the average Australian. It is about 25 miles long and 175 square miles in area, lying just north of the port of Gladstone, on the north Queensland coast. The south-western part is hilly and the remainder mostly low-lying. The island is close to the mainland, stretching from the estuary of the Fitzroy River in the north to Gladstone some 26 miles south. Its average width is about eight miles. The northern tip of the island is precisely on the Tropic of Capricorn.

The island carried about 10,000 cattle at one stage of its history. Today there are four cattle properties on the island. At the south-eastern corner, known as Southend, there is a jetty and a row of weekend cabins. These are used by mainlanders who cross Port Curtis by boat from Gladstone. The island has a mild, tropical climate, influenced by the south-east trade winds. Annual rainfall is about 40 in. There are considerable areas of fertile alluvial plains suitable for cultivation.

If the Nauruans decide to seek Curtis Island as their new home, they will have the dual advantages of living on their own island where they can handle their own affairs while having the facilities of a rapidly expanding and prosperous district at their back door. Near-by is Rockhampton, which describes itself as the Capital City of central Queensland—and there is no other town to dispute the claim. It has a population of over 46,000 and is the beef capital of Australia. Gladstone, a town of about 8,000 people, is one of Queensland's oldest settlements.

As the brigalow country of Queensland's central downs is tamed and begins to produce grain, Gladstone will be the export port. Greatest of all promises for Gladstone's prosperous future is the decision by the aluminium firm, Comalco, to build there its £A35 million plant to process the bauxite taken from the vast deposits near Weipa on the coast of Cape York peninsula.

This is the economic climate into which the Nauruans will enter should Curtis Island become their new homeland. It would, of course, mean a big problem of adjustment for the

Above: Mining phosphate rock on Nauru

Right: The lighthouse on Cape Capricorn, 323 ft. above sea level, on the north-east corner of Curtis Island. Great Keppel Island is in the background

Nauruans. Nauru—an isolated community, 165 miles by sea from the nearest land—was discovered in 1798 by Captain John Fearn on a voyage from New Zealand to the China Seas, and was claimed by Germany in 1888. The right to work the island's extensive phosphate deposits was originally granted by the German administration to a German company, which later sold out to a British company. After World War I, the Australian, New Zealand and British Governments established the British Phosphates Commission, which continues to mine the deposits. The commission pays royalties on the phosphate and this has contributed to high living standards. Nauru has good health, housing and education standards, and most of the islanders are bilingual. Apart from the native Nauruans, the island has a large imported labour force of Chinese, and other Pacific Islanders.

Nauru is unsuited to agriculture, and little is carried out, apart from the cultivation of coconut and pandanus palms. The only tax levied is a small annual capitation tax, and life on the island is generally simple and untroubled.

Left: The Administration Hospital on Nauru

Below: Fishing in Buada Lagoon. "Ibya" fish fry are collected on the ocean reefs and raised in the brackish waters of the lagoon until they are about 18 in. long

Bottom: An outdoor class in a kindergarten in the Boe District

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE GALL OF THE GALLS

452 This year I have noticed more galls in our garden and in our wood than I have ever noticed before. Indeed, this year I have seen trees—including two oaks which, since they stand immediately by the hut in which I work, are trees which I see every day of my life—bearing galls which I have not previously noticed to be afflicted at all. This does not, of course, mean that they have not been so afflicted; they may well have been, but not sufficiently heavily to attract my attention. And this has surprised me because we had a very severe and long drawn-out winter and we have had virtually no summer at all. Not the sort of year I should have thought, knowing nothing about it, to encourage a good crop of "oak-apples." So I have been mugging up "oak-apples" and galls in general. The natural history of galls, or, rather, the life history, which is not quite the same thing, is all there in the books.

Take the "oak-apple," for example. This is caused by a Gall-wasp called *Biorhiza pallida*. This Gall-wasp has two generations every year: one composed of females only, the other made up of individuals of both sexes. The bisexual generation is produced during the summer and gives rise to the unisexual one which survives the winter. The strange thing is that the females of the two generations are not alike—so unalike indeed that they were once thought to be two different species—and they make totally dissimilar galls on differents parts of the tree. If you scrape away the earth at the foot of an oak in January you may well find on some of the exposed rootlets hard, brown, spherical growths (some may be as much as half-an-inch in diameter) and, if you cut one of these open, the occupant, wingless and not looking in the least like a wasp, will crawl out.

If she had not been disturbed she would in due course have bored her way through the wall of the gall, come up through the soil to the trunk of the tree, and crawled up that in search of a terminal bud in which to pierce a hole and lay her eggs. The bud thus assaulted begins to swell early in May. The gall forms very rapidly, reaching "apple" size in about a fortnight and being mature (when it is rose-coloured) by the end of the month. The wasps emerge in July. The male is winged; the female usually so though the wings are often only rudimentary. After mating, the males die and the females then crawl down the trunk and into the soil to begin the cycle all over again.

There are many gall-makers—several wasps and saw-flies, true flies, aphids, mites (the familiar "witches' brooms" of our birch trees are caused by a mite), a few moths and a few beetles. Some of these have "progressed" so far that they seem to be well on the way to getting rid of the bisexual generation altogether. Green Fly, for example, produce generation after generation during the summer without assistance from males: only at the end of the season is there a bisexual generation. One Gall-wasp, *Cynips kollari*, the wasp which causes the marble-gall (the green gall which appears on the lateral and terminal leaf-buds of oak, and turns brown in September) seems to have gone all the way. The marble-gall was introduced into Devonshire in 1834 because it was useful for dyeing purposes in connection with the cloth-making industry. The wasps spread rapidly and are now plentiful all over Britain. Yet in all this time (and thousands upon thousands have been bred out experimentally) no one has ever seen a male *Cynips kollari*. "Name the inconceivable and you will find it in the life of some insect."

There is life history. But it does not tell me many things which I would dearly love to know.

We talk about "gall-making insects." But, in fact, the insect does not make the gall. All the insect does is to pierce the plant and to lay its egg in the wound; no more than that. The plant itself does the rest. The plant makes the gall as a local protection around the wound caused by the insect. But this protective tissue that the plant throws around the wound is, at the same time, designed to promote the growth of and to protect the parasitic grub. The inner cells of the gall are thin-walled and juicy, good nourishing food for the grub; the outer wall hard—if you have ever tried to open an "oak-apple" you will know how hard—and protective, providing protection not only against attack by birds but also protection against inclement weather. (The sub-soil rootlet galls of *Biorhiza pallida* obviously withstood even the deep frosts of last winter.) But the insect does not have anything to do with this form of growth; the plant alone sees to it. As Grant Watson has pointed out: it is almost as though the host plant was obeying the command of the parasite.

Another very strange thing, so it seems to me, is that so many of these galls so closely resemble fruits. "Oak-apples" really do look like little apples; the right shape, the right colour. The currant-gall, which occurs on the catkins of oak, really does look like a red currant; the right size, the right colour. The galls which form on the leaves of beech really do look very like a small plum. There is another gall which looks very like a cherry and many others which bear a close resemblance to the dried fruits or seeds of plants. In many cases the shape and formation of the gall (to say nothing of its colouring) almost exactly follows that of the fruit which it mimics—if one dare use that word in this connection—save that where, inside, there should be stone or pip there is instead a grub.

Is it not strange that these galls with their hard outer covers so obligingly designed by the host plant to protect the parasite against attack by birds should resemble fruits so closely that they must, surely, attract birds? Can it be, I wonder, that plants have a sense of humour?

The familiar oak gall or 'oak-apple' is caused by a Gall-wasp with the Latin name of *Biorhiza pallida*

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Over seas competitors at Cowes this year—**(above)** *Witte Raaf* of the Netherlands and **(below)** *Dione* of Sweden

In spite of the poor summer weather, which in many cases was the cause of curtailment of racing programmes, on balance this has been a successful yachting season. In the case of dinghies, the numbers are still climbing, and while some of the classes have slowed down their march forward, others are growing just as fast as before, and in the most popular ones advance is measured by the thousands. Because the majority of newcomers start in dinghies, the greatest increase for more than a decade has been in the various dinghy classes, old-established and new ones alike. This growth is by now almost taken for granted.

Perhaps not quite so obvious, and a little more unexpected, is the progress made by the tougher and also more expensive branch of yachting, ocean racing. Here the growth has not been quite so spectacular, but the season just completed indicates a considerable move forward in the number of boats. Entries in nearly all the races have been well up, and the principal event of the ocean racing calendar, the great international classic, the biennial Fastnet Race, established several records with 132 entries from 12 different countries.

In this and a few other events, against the best from all the ocean-racing countries from both sides of the Atlantic, Britain did remarkably well this year. It was the largest fleet to race to the Fastnet Rock and back since the first time in 1925. The British *Clarion of Wight* was the overall winner on corrected time and winner of the Fastnet Challenge Cup. The last time a British yacht won was ten years ago, when Sir Michael Newton's *Favona*, designed by Robert Clark, collected the cup. *Clarion of Wight* is designed by Sparkman and Stephens and owned by D. J. Boyer and Denis Miller. I feel I must add that the latter's versatility was demonstrated when he became one of the prizewinners in his *Damian III* in the International Powerboat Race a few weeks later.

Britain also won the Admiral's Cup, a trophy first presented in 1957 by some R.O.R.C. members for a contest between teams of three yachts of each country, between 30 ft. and 60 ft. R.O.R.C. rating. Points gained in four races, the Channel Race, two round-the-buoys events in Cowes Week, the Britannia Cup and the New York Yacht Club Cup, and finally the Fastnet, are the measure of success for this cup. Britain won the first two rounds, in 1957 and 1959, but lost to the US in 1961. This time the British trio was the best of teams from six nations, defeating Sweden, Germany, France, the Netherlands and the US. The contest was wide open. Sweden took the lead in the Channel Race, when Britain was only fifth. The Britannia Cup results moved Britain to fourth place, and the New York Yacht Club Cup brought the first British triumph, when the team took the first three places, but even this only put Britain into the position of second. It was the outstanding performance of *Clarion of Wight* in the Fastnet that secured the Admiral's Cup for Britain.

This is the last of the weekly Yachting articles for this season.

THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

It would be interesting to know how many visitors to the Canaries go any farther than the shores of one island, other than in transit. I have a feeling the number is very small and this is a pity for communications between the islands have improved greatly in recent years, and their contrasts are considerable.

The eight inhabited islands are divided into two provinces of metropolitan Spain. One is Santa Cruz de Tenerife which includes Tenerife, La Palma, Gomera and Hierro; the other is Las Palmas Province, comprising Grand Canary, Fuerteventura, Lanzarote and Graciosa.

Las Palmas province is the nearer to the coast of Africa (Fuerteventura a mere 70 miles from it), and the breath of this great continent blows strong on these little volcanic outposts which the Romans named the Fortunate Islands over 2,000 years ago. They were not the first to come. The Phoenicians had preceded them and no one knows how long the indigenous, cave-dwelling Guanches had been carrying on their remarkable stone-age existence. The Guanches, alas, were exterminated in the 15th century when the Spaniards arrived on the scene, though their caves are still there and some of them remain inhabited, drawing the inquisitive gaze of visitors from the modern white blocks of buildings which form increasingly a part of the skyline around Las Palmas and Puerto de la Cruz. Also among the indigenous residents were the large, lean dogs who probably gave the islands their name. There is a statue of them facing the Cathedral of Las Palmas, and one can imagine them ranging the wild volcanic landscapes like so many hounds of the Baskervilles.

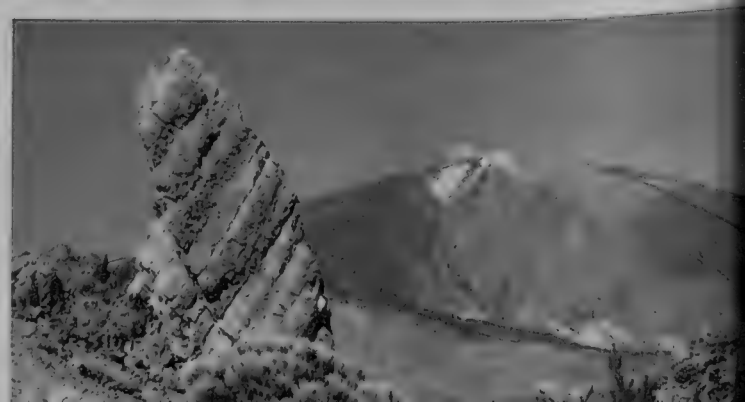
The domestic services of Iberia Air Lines link the islands of Grand Canary, Tenerife, Fuerteventura, Lanzarote and La Palma, and there are local shipping services to all the islands except Graciosa (a tiny island off Lanzarote), though some are infrequent and timings not always precise. Tenerife has long been a favourite with the British. Perhaps it was the sailors who first brought back tales of the magic peak, El Teide, which seems to float on the sea, and which must have seemed hauntingly ethereal after landless weeks on the Atlantic. It is a beautiful sight and little wonder that the Guanches regarded it as the seat of an invisible deity.

El Teide dominates the whole island and, indeed, the sea for miles around. From its 12,000-ft. summit, reached by car from Orotava to the new Parador (state-owned inn) of Las Cañadas, thence by muleback and foot, you can see every one of the other islands. At sunrise it is almost beyond belief. Orotava is a most picturesque town which amply repays the wanderer, with a magnificent approach by road from Tenerife's capital, Santa Cruz. Most visitors, however, will prefer to stay near the sea, probably at Puerto de la Cruz where the hotels have been going up like mushrooms. Someone recently gave the assurance that the possibilities of the islands were as yet untouched. This is true. As usual, all the eggs of frenzied development are being put into one or two very limited baskets. Santa Cruz itself would be pleasant for a few days' stay, especially at the luxury class Mencey Hotel. The trophies of the Church of the Conception on the other side of town include flags captured from Nelson's fleet during an attack on the island in 1797. This unsuccessful bid cost him an arm.

Tenerife is separated from Grand Canary by a half-hour's flight, and though the latter lacks the vegetation which is one of the great attractions of parts of Tenerife, there is something oddly fascinating about its thirsty grey-brown hinterland and the luminous cascades of geraniums or bougainvillea that line the roadside. Las Palmas, the island's capital, is the largest of the Canary cities—a pleasant place rather than one of outstanding interest, though the Museum of Las Palmas should be visited by anyone in search of deeper knowledge of the Guanches. Best and best known of the hotels is the Santa Catalina, in fine grounds near the harbour and one of the city's two main beaches. The better beach, however, is that of Las Canteras, which is situated on the other side of the narrow peninsula.

For golf enthusiasts, the Golf Club of Las Palmas near Bandama Crater, offers a memorable experience. Against its arid backdrop, about nine miles out of town, the glorious green of the 18-hole course takes on an almost surrealistic look—a look which needs daily watering to maintain it. The crater itself is another topographical curio with a little restaurant on its scorched, dry rim and cultivated fields on its floor. The leading excursion point, however, is Cruz de Tejeda whose views are of colossal grandeur, well worth a stay at the superbly placed and modernised Parador.

Grand Canary's best beaches of all lie at the farthest side of the island, 28 miles from Las Palmas at Maspalomas whose vast expanse of sand and dunes formed the object of an international contest for its development. The winning plan envisages a luxury ranch-style hotel, and though there are few signs of it yet, the project should eventually open up a much-needed new region for visitors.



Above: The Tejeda Parador (Government Hotel) high up in the mountains in central Grand Canary

Right: A volcanic rock hillside leading up to Mount Teide on Tenerife

Far right: The Plaza de Canteras at Las Palmas, Grand Canary

Of all the other islands, La Palma is the most westerly, and considered by many the loveliest of them all; it can be reached in 45 mins. by air from Tenerife. The island's vegetation is wonderfully rich and the capital, Santa Cruz de la Palma, a charming little town blessedly free from sophistication, with good accommodation at the Parador. The most spectacular of several peaks exceeding 7,000 ft. in height is Grand Caldera, whose enormous crater plunges to fantastic depths. From La Palma or Tenerife, there are inter-island steamer connections with the even less known islands of Gomera, where Columbus stayed while preparing to discover America, and Hierro, which provided him with his last glimpse of land on the subsequent expedition.

Finally, to the far east, lies Lanzarote, reached from Las Palmas, with its weirdest of other-world landscapes formed from some 30 extinct volcanoes. In spite of the adversities of nature, the local inhabitants succeed in producing good local wine from vines growing actually out of holes made in the lava fields—"fields" which, incidentally, are worked by camels. Alas, a tourist village is planned near Arrecife, the island's only town of any size. For the moment, however, there is only the comfortable Parador to provide accommodation in a setting of utter tranquillity, and fishing from the terrace—a far cry indeed from the increasing glitter that marks the more famed centres of these Fortunate Islands.

For further information: Spanish National Tourist Office, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.
Means of access: London-Las Palmas/Tenerife, by British United Airways direct, from £70 tourist excursion (£71 10s. from November 1) to £120 12s 1st-class return. There are also frequent connections via Madrid by Iberia Air Lines, and via Brussels by Sabena. Shipping services from UK ports to the Canaries are operated by Compañia Trasatlantica Española, Royal Mail, Union Castle, Greek Line, Elder Dempster Lines, etc.

THE FASTEST EVER EXPRESS TO SOUTH WALES

With the ever-increasing growth of heavy industry in South Wales, it has long been apparent that an acceleration of express trains to Newport, Cardiff and Swansea was overdue. Now, with Western class 2,700 h.p. diesels, the Western Region has introduced a new service. Trains leave Paddington on the hour and both Newport and Cardiff are served by expresses travelling at average speeds varying from just over 66 m.p.h. to 60 m.p.h.

West of Cardiff, Bridgend, Port Talbot, Neath and Swansea will all have journey times from Paddington cut by an average of 40 mins. Equally good timings will be in effect from South Wales to London with trains leaving Cardiff for Paddington on the half hour, and the fastest express, The Blue Pullman, covering the 133½ miles from Newport to Paddington in 2 hrs. Speeds up to 90 m.p.h. will be attained over considerable stretches of the route. Passengers who have to visit Gloucester will also benefit by the new timings. The Cheltenham Spa Express will be faster to London by 15 minutes.

PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA

456 **Blood Red Roses** by Kenneth Cook: Michael Joseph. 21s, is a disarmingly cheerful travel book by an Australian journalist and novelist whose wanderlust was at one time so acute that he took his wife and four very young children for a two year's expedition round and about Europe. In the course of their travels, a constant problem was getting enough money for food (essential) and lodging (changeable). Mr Cook brought all his wits and considerable toughness to the solution of the question and, in the process, attempted to sail his own boat, plus family, from England to Greece, was shipwrecked, tried a little plain and fancy smuggling and lost another boat, was pursued by the Spanish *Guardia Civil* and was forced to abandon his car in the process, tackled all comers from Irish TV officials to bank managers and was at all times comforted by the presence of his intrepid wife, two little sons and two daughters. The saga of these remarkable years is most readably told and should convince anyone that there is still adventure to be encountered even if one is a family man in quite a big way.

An Ordinary Lunacy by Jessica Anderson: Macmillan. 18s, is another Australian product, though this time in the realm of fiction. Mrs Anderson's first novel, set in her own city of Sydney, has none of the timidity, on one hand, or the over-writing, on the other, which so often beset novelists at the beginning of their careers. On the contrary, there is a measure and a subtlety to her writing for here is a writer with a story to tell, or even two interwoven stories, and whose narrative strength is not only equal to the task but is immensely helped by her perceptive rendering of dialogue and mood. In Mrs Anderson we have met a new novelist to cherish and I look forward very much to her next book.

The Elephant You Gave Me by Alun Richards: Michael Joseph. 16s, is a novel which proves that a perfectly good and even touching story may be made from the unpredictable love affair of two social workers in a dreary Midlands town. True, they are both young and reasonably attractive and, true too, they are tolerably articulate. Where Mr Richards' talent lies is in making his Welshman and his English girl definite and in conveying a surprising amount of information at the same time about the work and worries that beset probation officer trainees. Wateyn, who tells his own story and that of the impossible Jakes family, is quite a boy and I wish that I numbered him among my acquaintances.

Green Gold by Nene Gare: Heinemann. 21s, harks back to Australia (this looks like being Down Under Week) and is a sober story, not without excitement of its own kind, about a young family who set out from their home city of Perth to trek 600 miles north into Western Australia and experiment there, on 36 acres of land, with house-building and banana-planting. There is a certain heroism to their plan as well as simplicity and Miss Gare has chosen a direct, unemotional style for the telling of what is basically a dramatic story of faith and endeavour.

The Winter Wind by Mervyn Mills: Cassell. 18s, is a story of violence, stamped down for a time by military discipline, but finally exploding in a sensational burst. The setting is an airfield in Apulia, south Italy, during the second world war, and the characters are a group of British and American airmen, grounded by a vicious and apparently constant wind, and feeding their private animosities in a period of frustration and discomfort. Mr Mills, who himself fought with the RAF, writes with vigour and an unpretentious directness about his browned-off men, their love affairs and their feuds. The result is a likeable tale of yet another aspect of war—and one that may be as lethal as front line fighting.

The Corridor by Edmund Fuller: Hodder and Stoughton. 16s, comes from the United States and is a fairly solemn treatise, in the guise of a novel, on the sanctity of marriage vows as well as an examination of some of the causes which may put a strain on the two partners. Some readers' hearts may sink (as mine did) on reading in the blurb that " the novel begins with Jean in hospital for emergency surgery required by complications in her fourth pregnancy," but Mr Fuller gives us a good deal more than that and does finally succeed in making his husband and wife team, if not particularly likeable and quite a little priggish, at least credible human beings who work hard to retain a secure and happy marriage. But the suggestion of an inspired handbook lingers.

Fire on the Mountain by Edward Abbey: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s, the work of a man who loves the barren country about which he writes, is certainly one of the best novels I have come across this week, in its powerful economy of expression and the power which informs its straightforward story. An old man in New Mexico has a ranch he loves, even though it is in the " hard land," and intends to keep it against any proposals or orders from the government who see it as an ideal site for a missile range. With the passionate loyalty of his 12-year-old grandson he tries to fight the inevitable and this is the story of their magnificent failure.

The Medici Fountain by Joseph Kessel: Arthur Barker. 21s, translated from the French by Herma Briffault, is a novel of the first world war by the distinguished author of novels as varied as *Belle de Jour* and *The Lion*. M Kessel, in fact, is not only the author of spectacular best-sellers but a writer of real invention and originality whose output seems to remain as fresh now as in the 20's. His latest book is concerned

LEXICOGRAPHER AND DIARISTS

Johnson's Dictionary. A Modern Selection by E. L. McAdam Jnr. and George Milne: Gollancz, 30s.

Pepys's Diary edited by J. P. Kenyon: Batsford. 18s.

Horace Walpole: Memoirs and Portraits edited by Matthew Hodgart. Batsford. 18s.

The New Look by Harry Hopkins: Secker and Warburg. 35s.

Soccer for Schoolboys by Johnny Haynes: Pelham Books. 15s.

Rugger for Schoolboys by Donald Ireland: Pelham Books. 15s.

A History of British Trade Unionism by Henry Pelling: Penguin Books. 5s.

Voters, Parties, and Leaders by Jean Blondel: Penguin Books. 4s.

When Johnson's 2,300-page *Dictionary* was first published it was hailed with an enthusiasm such as no similar work has excited; no doubt by reason of the fact that it was the first dictionary that could be read with pleasure. It can still be read with pleasure, and Professor McAdam, one of America's leading Johnson experts, and his collaborator have sought to preserve the original flavour of the first publication by selecting from the whole rather than accepting Johnson's own shorter version. This is, indeed, an immortal monument to the vigour and variety of our language as well as to the genius of its author, whose humour creeps in at many a turn, not least when he defines a lexicographer as, " a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

In the latest addition to the Batsford series of Historical Memoirs, which was begun last year with Queen Victoria's early letters, Professor Kenyon presents us with his extended abridgement of Pepys's diary. It is an abridgement of special interest because it is intentionally slanted away from the all too well known jollities and jollifications of the diarist's life, and directed steadily towards revealing and emphasising his vital work for the Navy. Even so Professor Kenyon has not overplayed his hand, retaining many of those passages that give a unique glimpse of 17th century London life. One thing that does emerge rather clearly is Pepys's contempt for Charles II on those numerous occasions when he was inclined to be un-kingly. There is a valuable appendix entitled Persons and Places, a reminder of the identity of some of the men and women who appear in these pages.

Mr Hodgart, a distinguished Cambridge scholar, has tackled anew the original Walpole manuscripts belonging to Lord Waldegrave, and the result is lively, particularly because this edition contains matter previously omitted from mistaken ideas of delicacy. Horace Walpole, one of the half-dozen brightest letter writers in our language, was always spirited and gossipy, partial to a leavening of anecdote, and above all discerning amid his political partisanship. This is the sixth volume in the *Historical Memoirs* series, and specially welcome because the Walpole memoirs have been out of print for so long.

Mr Hopkins, a journalist with a background of politics, philosophy and economics at Oxford and an undoubted flare for social history, has taken as his raw material the events of the 1940's and 1950's in Britain, or as he puts it from Dunkirk to Suez or "reconstituted dried egg" to the TV election of 1959. Somehow or other the author manages to reduce the flood of events to a more or less meaningful pattern, and this is particularly so on the political scene where we see the Attlee administration working its quiet revolution, notably in the field of education where wider opportunity for all clearly marked the two

with the sentimental journeyings of a sensitive and intelligent officer caught up in the full horror of trench warfare and experimenting in Paris, on his rare leaves, with at least two types of women. Dramatic and unashamedly romantic.

Burning is a Substitute for Loving by Jennie Melville: Michael Joseph. 16s, is a very intelligent detective story indeed, set in mildly domestic surroundings and dealing with some of the less usual forms of mayhem. **Vernon Fane**

The Everlasting Spell by Joanna Richardson: Cape. 35s. Sidney Colvin wrote the Keats notice for the Dictionary of National Biography, and had at his disposal for authorities all that had been published concerning the poet between 1824 and 1906, from Medwin's *Conversations* down to the reissues of H. B. Forman. His chief source was still Houghton's *Life and Letters* (1848). From Joanna Richardson's book I derive the impression that both Brown and Fanny Brawne deservedly receive tardy justice and fairer light. The Dilkes have been faithfully dealt with. But where would Keats have been without Brown's long and faithful friendship, and what jewels of his poetry had never seen the light but for the everlasting spell mutually cast over him and over Fanny? This is an important study of the Keats circle which did not break up with his death. It reveals intense research and provides a good deal of new matter. I had hoped—it is a small point—to have gained from the book confirmation of a local legend that during his Chichester visit Keats saw Stansted Chapel and derived some of the imagery of *The Eve of St Agnes* from its window glass. I learned more from this book concerning the poet and his friends than I expected to know—not least that he enjoyed far more happy times than I supposed. **John Gore**

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decades under review. One interesting conclusion Mr Hopkins has reached after completing his survey, and it is that he sees the texture of regional life stronger than ever; and if this be true of England then perhaps it is a happy sign. Less happy perhaps is the evidence of our materialism now in its flood tide.

Two writers each deeply versed in his own branch of football set out some of the basic skills necessary for steadily improving one's play. What is particularly valuable in Haynes' book is the advice given on how to perfect ball control during solo practice. Mr Ireland is a most experienced rugby coach, and much of what he has to say stems from his experience.

Lastly, two paperbacks. Henry Pelling takes us through the crowded story of trade unionism, covering more than four centuries from the medieval guilds to the powerful and comprehensive organisations of today, which play such a vital part in the nation's economic structure. Jean Blondel, a Frenchman by birth who is now taking up the post of first Professor of Government at the newly created University of Essex, surveys the social fabric of British politics. It is absorbing and certainly timely; for in anything from a month to a year we shall all be at it hammer and tongs at another election. **Richard Edmonds**

BEING A PHOTOGRAPHER

Tom Hustler, well known to readers of *The Sphere* for his photographs in our series of Leaders of British Industry, has now written an engaging book, part personal reminiscence and part tips on his profession. Called *Tom Hustler on Photography* (Evans Brothers. 25s.), it is profusely illustrated with his own photographs showing the range of this versatile photographer. This can be seen from the three examples shown here—(top) two bridesmaids enjoying a game of their own; (left) the Duke of Edinburgh at the Institute of Directors' Annual Conference, and (bottom) a scene from the stage musical *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. Notably frank about how he got his start as a photographer, Tom Hustler is direct and uncomplicated in his advice to beginners and those thinking about following in his footsteps.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **J. G. PETTER**

President of the Machine Tool Trades Association Mr J. G. Petter is Vice-Chairman of Cincinnati Milling Machines Ltd., embracing the associated machine tool firms of Hordern, Mason and Edwards Ltd., Heald Machines Ltd., Weatherley-Cincinnati Ltd. and the Foundry Division of E. W. Wynn (Ironfounders) Ltd. Machine tools have been the life interest of Mr Petter who, born and educated in London, left school at the age of 17 to take up a pupil apprenticeship with a London machine tool company. Subsequently he joined Charles Churchill and Co. Ltd. in 1925 as a specialist on Cincinnati machine tools, then being imported. In 1937 Mr Petter took up the post of Sales and Engineering Manager with Cincinnati Milling Machines Ltd., a British branch of the large American organisation. He paid many visits to America, the experience thus gained being of great service to the United Kingdom during the Second World War when Mr Petter became Head of the Directorate of Machine Tool Utilisation. After the war, Mr Petter was appointed to the board of Cincinnati Milling Machines Ltd., during a period of great company expansion and was later appointed Vice-Chairman of the Board. He is also Chairman of Heald Machines Ltd. and a director of each of the associated companies. His recreations include reading, especially social history, and fishing. As a fisherman he has tried his skill in many parts of the world during his business travels. He has a son, who is also in the industry, two daughters and five grandsons

TWENTY YEARS ON

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

How far does private business need to plan ahead? For a year or two, obviously: this is the basic process of keeping the company going in a purposive direction, making use of what resources it already has. Beyond that there is some essential middle distance: the market circumstances in view of which a company is providing its current programme of capital investment. A decision to invest in a new factory today is unlikely to give you production according to plan from it in less than say three years' time: since there will have been some process of analysis, research, and choice of alternative approaches preceding the decision, the manager is fairly constantly having to look five years ahead. But a fair number of major companies, whose development processes in technique, marketing, and men, take longer, would think of five years as the pretty short run anyway. For major developments, they are quite practically looking ten years ahead; and when top management gets time to think about the future of the company, much longer even than that.

Not many companies, however, have ever put on paper their ideas of the kind of market, and economy, in which they expect to be doing business a generation from now. Unilever is in no sense committed to the forecast, *Britain 1984**, that was published this week; nevertheless this was produced by the head of its Economics and Statistics Department, Mr Ronald Brech, from a number of long-term forecasts made by his department for Unilever management for one purpose and another, and the book is copyright in Unilever's name. For the company, it developed from what Mr Brech calls a certain exercise in " strategic economic planning "; recast for the general reader, it provides a sweeping and provocative forecast of how the British people may be living, working, and—particularly—buying, in the middle eighties. Not much of Orwell's nightmare is there in this more placid and plumper 1984 (which is not to say that Orwell would necessarily have enjoyed this supermarketed version either).

The forecast has an obvious interest in terms of the planned economic growth that Britain is newly committed to achieving through Neddy. Its postulated growth rate, however, is lower than Neddy's 4 per cent annually; it is 3 per cent annually (the original projections were made in 1959, and are nearer in origin to Mr Butler's slogan of doubling the standard of living in 25 years than to Neddy's greater ambitions of growth for the short term). A growth rate of 3 per cent in total national output, according to the Unilever model of the economy, would in fact offer a rise of 93 per cent in personal consumption by 1984 (over the 1960 level); virtually Mr Butler's doubling. Population will be rising too, however, by about a sixth; so in terms of consumption per head, the increase over 24 years might be about 65 per cent.

That is the answer, in terms of consumption, that comes out of this chosen economic model (which Unilever, at any rate, thinks a more likely framework for the future than the higher rates of growth postulated in some official circles). Given a certain development in working population, productivity, capital investment and the balance of payments, this is what British citizens will have to spend. What is more interesting than this framework of figures, however, is how said citizens are expected to decide to spend their extra purchasing power—and what pattern of industrial and service activity their decisions will involve them in, right across the economy.

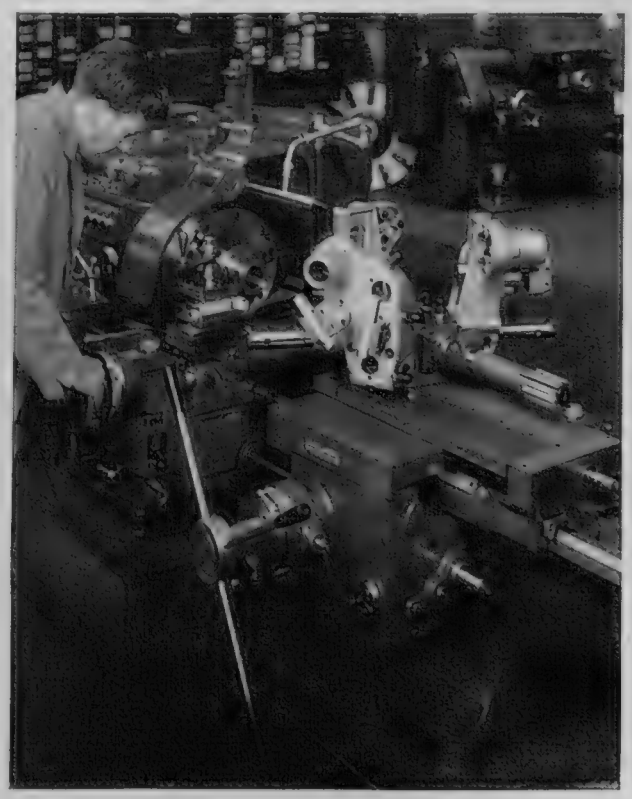
The Unilever statisticians look forward to 1984 spending patterns on the assumption that as people get more affluent they seek first to avoid drudgery and secondly to acquire goods with social prestige. This gives the forecasters a chance to look at the spending patterns of richer people now and apply these (to the extent that they can be spread) more widely; but they have also a further guide in American habits of buying. By 1984, on these assumptions, British spending power per head would be something of the order of American spending power now; and though one cannot slavishly assume we shall share just the same wants, Mr Brech argues that a similar "buying attitude" will develop here. Americans, today, are notably more attracted by new things just because they are new; that attitude to buying may well develop here.

The main trend that he foresees continuing is the growing ownership of durable goods—from houses downwards. The forecast is that 60 per cent of households will be owner-occupied, against 40 per cent today; and perhaps 65-75 per cent will own cars, against just over a third today. All homes will have some form of central heating, while electricity will dominate the fuel market; easy-to-clean surfaces will be common in the home—as in clothing, where expendable (use and throw away) fabrics may also be coming in. Mr Brech does not expect spending on food to decline as a proportion of total income, but if anything slightly to rise; we shall in general be eating less food, but the quality will be higher and more expensive, and up to 60 per cent of it may be bought in " ready-to-use " forms. Expenditure on alcohol as well as tobacco will hardly keep up with the increase in total spending, though in absolute volume we shall probably be drinking and smoking more. Expenditure on clothing, too, may decline relatively; and Mr Brech expects a tendency to buy more but less durable suits and footwear, again as the Americans do. Expenditure on foreign travel will probably go on rising fast; so will expenditure on concerts, ballet and opera, along with other cultural activities for a better-educated population.

What kind of productive structure is envisaged to develop to meet this shifting demand? Technologically, Mr Brech is assuming little more than a continued development of existing trends; the further dominance of electricity in fuel supplies (a good deal of it nuclear); development of fuel cells storing electricity to make the petrol engine obsolete (1984 sounds a rather early estimate for this); synthetics taking over most of the textile output, and a steady development of plastics and other man-made materials to replace natural materials in building and fabrication (supplemented, perhaps, by new forms of man-made "natural" materials, synthesised under great heat and pressure by electrothermal processes). Automation will become much more general in all kinds of factories, and the computer a more common means of control as well as calculation; moulding and forming techniques will tend to take over from machining to a considerable degree, reducing swarf and waste formation.

All these technical changes imply more machinery and fewer, but more highly trained, operatives—also more highly educated management, less inclined to operate by hunch and more likely to use mathematical processes to guide their policies. Mr Brech avoids, as most writers on the subject have to, any very straight answer to the question whether this concentration of productive activity onto fewer and fewer higher-grade people will distribute income around in quite the high and fairly equal pattern that his buying forecasts postulate. He recognises the problem these developments pose for people with less than average intelligence, though noting that service activities, less mechanised and hence employing more labour, will persist and even grow in importance in the economy, offering them more jobs. All of this adds up to a more comfortable future than some other economic prophets would perhaps forecast for Britain in 20 years' time.

* *Britain 1984: A Forecast Prepared for Unilever by Ronald Brech. Darton Longman and Todd. 15s.*



An intermediate size in the Herbert range of turret lathes — the Herbert No 5 Senior Preoptive Monoslide Lathe. This is a new type of lathe being shown for the first time at the International Machine-Tool Exhibition, which will open in Milan on October 4. This Herbert lathe embodies a revolutionary design of turret slide. A survey of the machine tool industry is on the following pages

INDUSTRY OF HIGH SKILL

by **H. O. BARRETT,** *General Manager, The Machine Tool Trades Association*

460 Man has been described as a tool-using animal; he is also a lazy one. It is all the more surprising, therefore, that he is not more interested in the mechanically aided tools which work for his benefit than most people seem to be.

Machine tools are, basically, very little more than the physical form assumed when external sources of power, usually electrical in origin, are applied to one of the familiar forms of hand tools, such as hammers, saws, planes and breast drills.

In the age of " do-it-yourself " it is possible that many more people are becoming conscious of the added power which is at their command with the use of power-operated hand tools. Even then they seem not to realise the tremendous contribution which is made by the various forms of power-operated tools which comprise the machine tool industry.

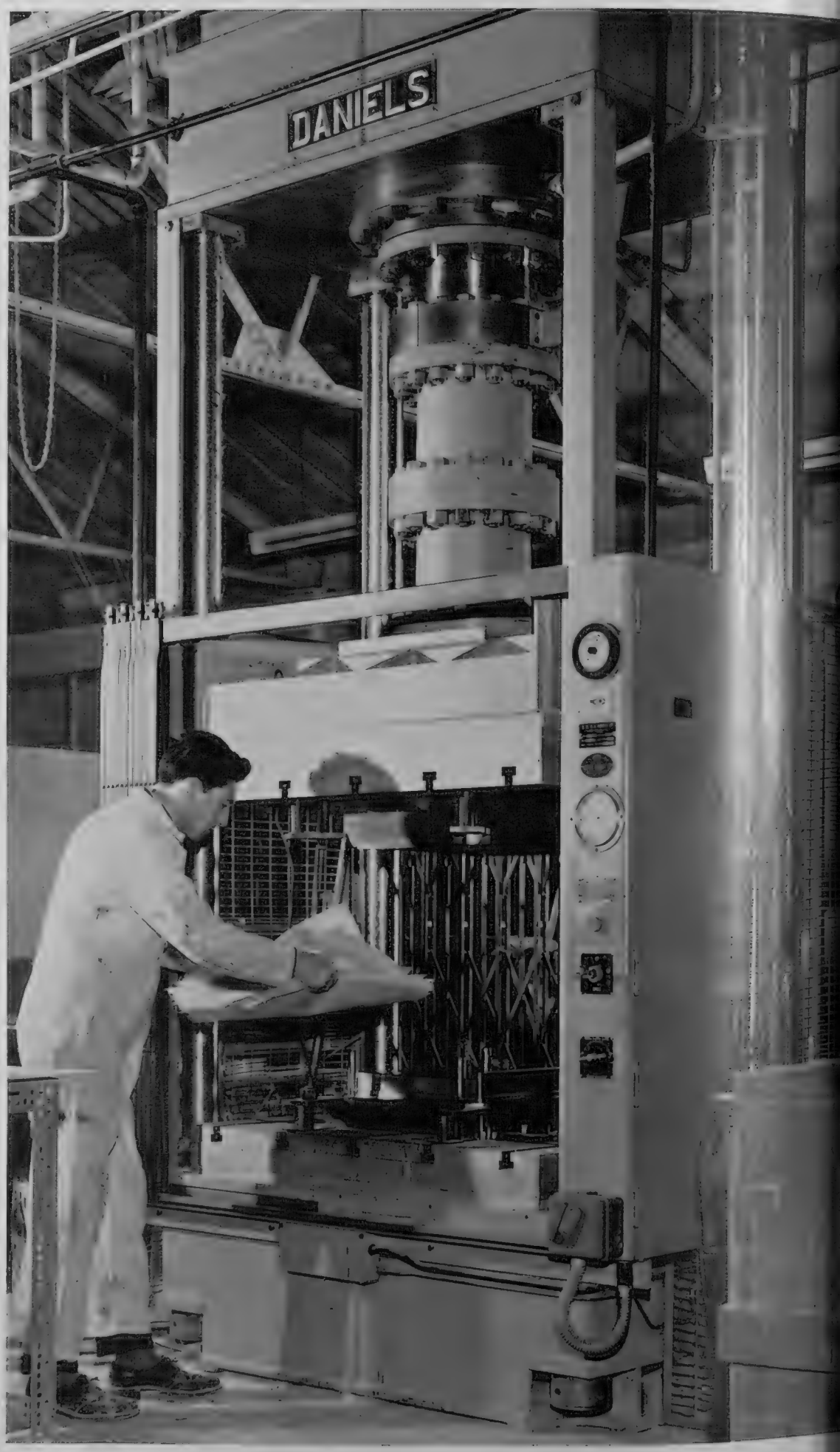
Without these machine tools, which range from under 50 lbs. in weight to over 200 tons and cover an equally wide value span from, say, £100 sterling to over £250,000, there would be no motor cars, no refrigerators, no telephones, no television, no furniture, no clothing; in fact, nothing that contributes to the high standard of living which we all now enjoy at the price at which we enjoy it. While the joy of individual craftsmanship is still known in this country, craft-originated products cost much more than their equivalents from mass-production sources.

What are these things called machine tools? There are, of course, many refinements which have been developed by machine tool manufacturers since the basic machines were produced in this country 200 years ago and possibly in many of the refinements one would have difficulty in discerning from which hand tool the machine tool being inspected derived its form. There are also a number of new techniques unconnected with the old hand tool operations which are being used to cut and shape metal. These are dependent on the harnessing of sources of power other than through the conventional application of a cutting tool directly to the work-piece involved.

An example is Lasers. Light, translated into a coherent form and intensified beyond the understanding of the layman, can now be focused upon metal in such a way as to reconstruct the molecular form and cause a change of shape of the work-piece. There are other new forms of machine involving the passage of electricity directly between the " tool " and the work-piece which result in it being eroded or added to in a controlled manner.

The more traditional methods of cutting metal, and metal cutting is one of the two major groups into which machine tools can be subdivided, comprise variations of turning machines (e.g., lathes), milling machines and planing machines, in which metal is removed in strips or chips. Other more familiar sights are the drilling machine, which is used in various refinements to make holes, and boring machines, similarly used, to make existing holes larger. Grinding machines are used in removing small particles of metal by the action of grit, diamonds and other abrasive materials.

The metal forming side, which is beginning to play an increasing part in the overall working of metal, comprises mechanical or hydraulic presses, many of *(Continued on page 462)*



A 150-ton low pressure press, ma
T. H. and J. Daniels Ltd. of St
in use at the works of Prec
Reinforced Mouldings, turning
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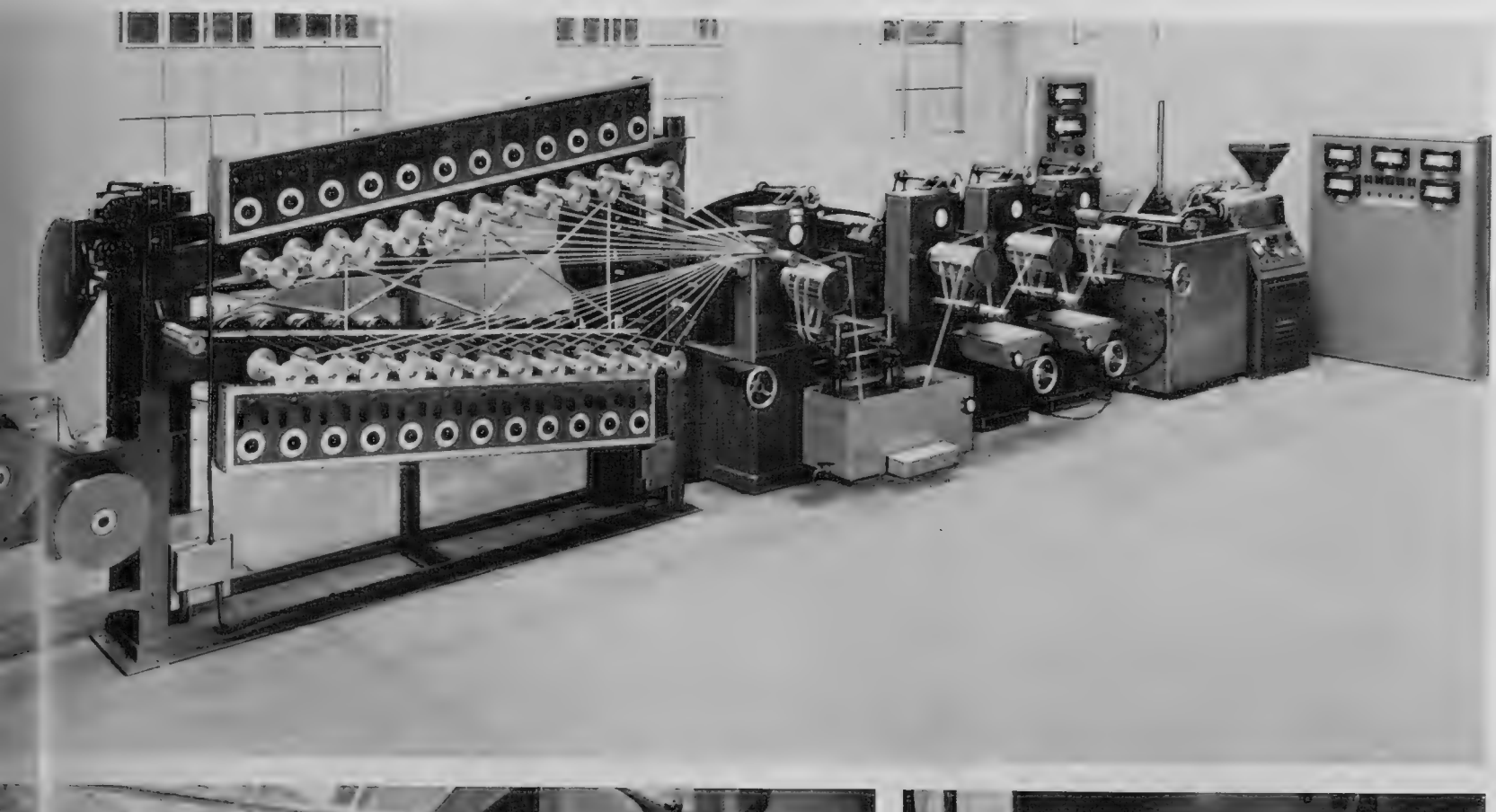


Left: A Keller Tracer-Controlled Milling Machine, made by Alfred Herbert of Coventry, machining a mould used for casting the hull of a small boat

Above: Lapping slots for forming the blades in a grille mould at BIP Tools Ltd. **Top:** A 24-strand mono-filament plant built by Bone Brothers

INDUSTRY OF HIGH SKILL *continued from page 460*

462 which are used in the automobile factories for stamping out complete sides for automobiles—or pots and pans—or refrigerator bodies—or washing machine bodies. Other metal forming machines bend or work metal in the form of ribbon or wire to make items such as paper clips, metal fasteners and springs.

In Britain the industry producing these machine tools employs about 63,000 people. Because its main role is the serving of other branches of Engineering, the machine tool industry has tended to concentrate in the industrial areas—lighter types in the East and West Midlands, heavier types in the West Riding and Manchester, and discernible groups on the N.E. Coast and Clydeside.

The industry's production is now running at marginally below its 1962 peak of £127 million a year but, with an expectation of orders from the home market, last year's target could still be exceeded. Export deliveries currently approach 33 per cent. of the total, a figure which compares well with previous export performances of 25 per cent. per annum.

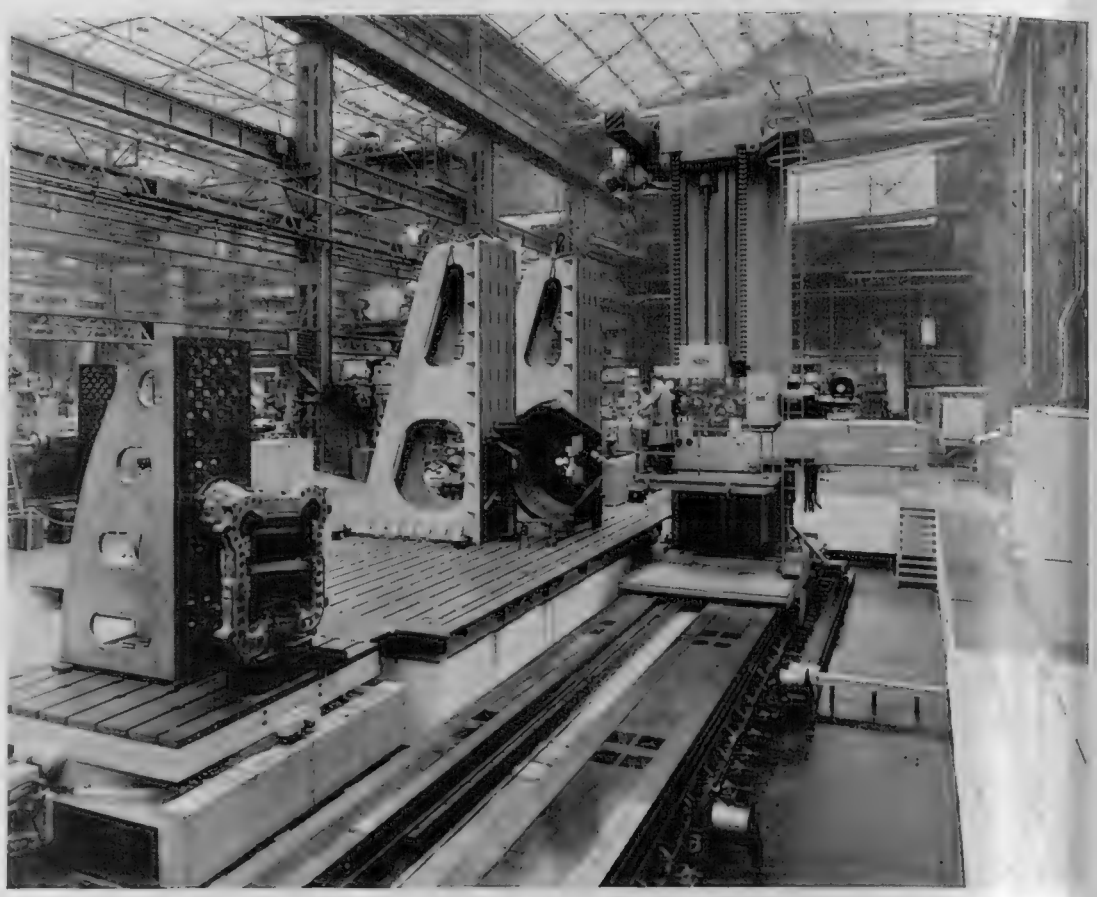
Because of its considerable age and its original structure, based on the family business so typical of the Industrial Revolution, the machine tool industry has, since the Second World War, been regarded as a "traditional" industry and, in consequence, has been the subject of a number of critical reports which seem to find fault with its technical abilities, its selling abilities and a number of other aspects of its make-up. While it is true that nothing is so near perfect that it cannot be improved upon, it is equally true that many of the criticisms have been raised on incomplete facts or were deliberately mis-stated for reasons which need not be discussed here. One example will suffice: during the period of the Second World War, the British machine tool industry satisfied 74 per cent. of the requirements of the whole Commonwealth for machine tools. This was achieved with a basic industry augmented by sub-contracting from those other members of the mechanical engineering industry for whose products there was no demand during this period.

It may be remembered that Sir Winston Churchill in one of his inspiring speeches used the phrase "Give us the tools and we will finish the job." That job was finished satisfactorily due to the tools provided in large measure by the British machine tool industry.

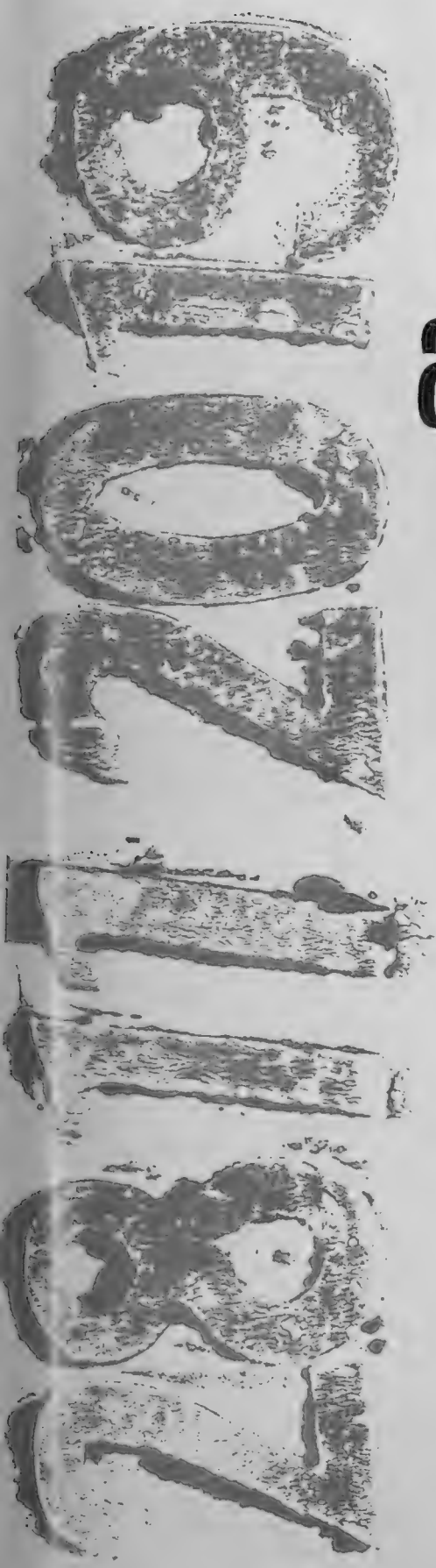
More recently, the industry has benefited from an injection of capital of considerable proportions through the acquisition of an interest in many of the smaller family concerns, of which it was originally constituted, by other groups with greater capital resources. As a result, in the last three to four years, there has been a tremendous surge by the industry, some of whose policies are now regarded as being as forward-looking as any in Britain.

For example, it is one of the only two industries which has laid foundations for its own design education system in the form of scholarships at the Manchester College of Science and Technology. From there have now emerged some 40 students, who are fully qualified in the particular design requirements of the industry. In research matters too the industry is looking forward to an increasing flow of answers to research problems from its relatively recently established Industrial Research Association.

The industry continues to be a craft industry and for the foreseeable future it must be that the level of skill employed in it is higher than in any other mechanical engineering field. The industry's impact on the machine tool-using world has been illustrated in the high level of its export deliveries. It is, therefore, with some confidence that the UK machine tool industry will be going to Milan next week to participate in the 8th European Machine Tool Exhibition. At this event there will be on display the products of all our leading Continental competitors, which will enable users to compare one with the other, side by side under similar conditions. It is confidently expected that the decision of many of the users will be in favour of the British products which they will see.



Above: Two BSA-Detroit vertical twin ram broaching machines set up for operations in machining connecting rods and caps.
Top: An Asquith RMB6 installed at John Brown (Clydebank). The installation shows an Asquith Rotary table, foreground, and milling in operation behind



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TRADING STAMP WAR

by The Sphere City Correspondent

464 The trading stamp battle that City observers have seen looming ominously over British retailers for over a year now looks like breaking out in earnest before the Christmas shopping season begins. Already little stick-on stamps are given away with purchases in several thousand grocers, garages and scattered dry-cleaning stores, butchers, bakers and hardware stores, but they cover at most 3 per cent. of British retail sales. In recent months, however, Sir Isaac Wolfson's Great Universal Stores has begun promoting Golden Eagle stamps in Hampshire and East Anglia, and the real battle begins in November when the largest American gift stamp company, Sperry and Hutchinson, starts giving away stamps in Mr Garfield Weston's Fine Fare chain of supermarkets.

The theory of gift stamps is delightfully simple. Aiming at two apparently universal human characteristics—the collecting mania and the desire to have something for nothing—the gift stamp company sells stamps to the retailer at a cost of roughly 2½ per cent. of his turnover. With the proceeds the stamp company buys household appliances in quantity from various brand-name (though more often non-brand-name) manufacturers. The appliances are then given away to shoppers who have collected the requisite number of stamps—it takes some £300 worth of shopping to collect enough stamps to obtain a Morphy-Richards' toaster—and the stamp company makes its profits by the difference between its income from the retailer (in fact of course ultimately the shopper) and the wholesale cost of the appliances plus printing and distribution costs and the expense of running appliance showrooms.

So long as stamps are in demand the stamp companies are happy. The retailer has to increase turnover by about 17½ per cent. to cover the bite into his profits that giving away stamps takes, though the stamp companies claim that turnover rises at least 30 per cent. and even as much as 60 per cent. as soon as stamps are introduced. The customer is happy because he is apparently getting something for nothing. It does not need a latter-day Gilbert and Sullivan to point out that when everyone is a stamp retailer then no one is anybody. And, in fact, though in the first stages the retailers with stamps clearly benefit at the expense of those without stamps (how much gain in total retail sales stamps cause is uncertain), as soon as stamps become general, retailers must experience a fall-off in additional sales growth and merely be left with a 2½ per cent. addition to their costs.

Gift stamps are of course nothing new, but they are coming into their own again in this country (retailing is following the American pattern of the early 50's very closely) because of the intense competition among retailers to maintain volume in what are very often extremely expensive main street sites. It is no secret that Mr Garfield Weston's Fine Fare supermarkets have expanded at such a pace that their profitability has suffered severely. It was the decision of Mr George Metcalf, who runs Mr Weston's Dicoa store group in Canada and who is now supervising Fine Fare's programme here, to link with the American stamp company Sperry and Hutchinson that gave his sales such a boost in his early days in Canada.

What Fine Fare does, the other British supermarket chains will inevitably have to match, and though most of them are still publicly protesting their abhorrence of the whole trading stamp technique, several are taking care to have blueprint schemes ready with the other leading stamp companies in this country. Biggest stamper by far in Britain is ex-engineering draughtsman and mail-order advertiser, Mr Granville Tompkins, whose privately owned Green Shield enterprise has about two-thirds of the stamp business in this country, having risen from a turnover of £¼ million to some £6 million in six years. Next biggest in a field that includes over 30 runners is probably Sir Isaac Wolfson's Golden Eagle group which has been trading as loosely independent companies until recently, and there is also news of a big expansion programme by the Yellow Trading Stamp group which is associated with the Mirroware kitchen appliance company.

Unfortunately for investors, apart from Great Universal Stores, it is not possible to take a stock market interest in the stamp business itself and even in GUS it is a very small part of the group's massive retailing hire purchase and mail order business. There may be some good sales and profits figures from the first big retail chains to issue stamps but on a longer view, the stamp battle is probably an indication that the grocery business is getting uncomfortably hot. Food shares are anyhow basically a defensive investment, attractive when the economy is not buoyant, on the argument that people must go on eating. However, at this juncture on the economic cycle (with industrial output rising and the prospect of bigger overtime wage packets) the extra spending will more probably go not in food stores but on cars, the new 625 television sets, furniture and household appliances.

If there is a moral for investors from the stamp battle, perhaps it is to switch out of food retailers where the stamp war will be hottest, into other forms of retail trade. A switch out of Tesco, London Grocers, Fitch Lovell and Express Dairy, for instance, into say Great Universal Stores, H. Wigfall (radio retailers), House of Fraser (a cross-section of department stores) and Kennings (a leading car dealer) might mean moderate capital gain over the next year at the cost of only half a point of average income.

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

It is easy to feel a rush of sympathy for the "little men" of the tiny National Association of Toolmakers. In Birmingham and Oxford 62 of its members have been forced by the pressure of events to apply for re-admittance to the Amalgamated Engineering Union after AEU members in the same toolrooms at Pressed Steel and a British Motor Corporation factory had threatened, by unofficial strike, to bring production to a halt and throw thousands of workers idle. But sympathy must not be blind. The NAT, formed after the motor industry troubles of 1956 by men who disagreed with the official AEU strike against redundancy, is not a member of the TUC or the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions. One result of this is that it has not the negotiating authority which that membership confers; Pressed Steel, at least, have made it apparent that the company prefers Confederation status in the interests of industrial peace and the observation of negotiated agreements.

Here is the weakness of the NAT case, quite apart from any considerations of the obviously desirable trend towards a saner trade union structure of fewer unions on an industrial basis. What other course does a large employer with responsibilities towards many thousands of workers have? BMC suspended the 29 NAT members with pay and gave the two unions until the end of September to sort things out among themselves. In the end the larger unit won—but at the same time there is a moral for the AEU. Whatever its power and the undoubted benefits it has brought to members, a large union, no less than a large employer, must keep a proper regard for the sensibilities of minorities within its membership. Labour relations are not just a matter between managements and shop stewards.

Business studies

Lord Franks is not the man to underestimate the size of his task in attempting to carve a path through the doubtful jungle of management training and business studies. He has already been subjected to so many well-meaning lectures and memoranda on just how to set about it—or, in many cases, on just how unnecessary the whole project is, and how much simpler it would be to adopt the writer's own suggestion—that he could be pardoned for feeling weary of so much pre-judgment.

But although many academics who are concerned with existing schools of management training or business studies have come out strongly in favour of expanding the present set-up, there is no unanimity among them. The Promotion Committee of the new University of Warwick (to be built, confusingly, at Coventry) has, for example, submitted a memorandum to Lord Franks envisaging a school of business studies there. A post-graduate course for a Master's degree, and courses for men with business experience (middle management), older executives who take policy decisions (advanced management) and budding teachers of management (final, or doctoral, management) are suggested. Coventry as Britain's Harvard? It is an intriguing thought.

Solihull a county borough

The general relief in the borough of Solihull when the Minister of Housing and Local Government confirmed that April 1 next year will remain the date for promotion to county borough status was understandable. For although accustomed to change—this promotion will come exactly ten years and 20 days after Solihull was elevated from an urban district to a borough—the officers are well aware that heavy burdens lie ahead. Now they can carry on with their detailed planning for the change-over, secure that the action of Wednesbury and Darlaston local authorities to challenge the legality of the Local Government Commission's inquiry will not delay them. A separate order will be made for Solihull—and the Black Country towns have been assured that their case will not be prejudiced; neither side will use Solihull as a precedent.

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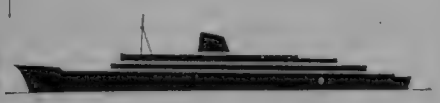

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GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

466 Worry and uncertainty about the vintage was the general impression I gained during a three-day visit I made to the Bordeaux area before the middle of September. This was in sharp contrast with the optimism, although guarded, which was apparent on my previous visit almost exactly three months earlier. Then it was already obvious that there would be a plentiful crop, many bunches were forming on the vines, and given a good average summer, normally expected in that region, there were hopes for a large and very good crop. Alas, the summer has not been up to average, August has been one of the wettest and coldest in memory, and even early September produced only a few decent, sunny days. When looking at the vineyards in the Médoc, the Graves and the Sauternes districts the result of this calamity was obvious.

There were still plenty of big bunches of grapes to be seen on the vines, but there was also an overabundance of foliage and new shoots above them. This was especially the case in those properties which have not sufficient labour available to trim this surfeit of leaves. In some places, especially in the Sauternes, I also noticed in the less-important vineyards that there was insufficient effort made to check the proliferation of weeds between the rows. Spraying with copper sulphate is not possible after August, and so diseases, such as mildew, encouraged by the excessive rainfall, can spread uncurbed. The grapes themselves should have shown signs of proper ripening and developing their sugar content under the sun. This was the greatest calamity. As one vigneron remarked, "There are plenty of grapes, all full of water."

But all was not lost at the time I was there. It was clear that the harvest must be delayed; gathering could not begin before mid-October. If, in the meantime, the weather were to show a complete change, with little rain and plenty of sunshine, there was still a chance of a late improvement. In that case there still could be a good vintage, plentiful and of good quality. This is needed by everyone, growers and consumers alike, for only a plentiful crop could stop the continued rise in price of Bordeaux wines, especially of the more important growths. If, on the other hand, the weather were to continue wet and cool, the lack of sunshine would result in poor quality wines, whatever the quantities—a depressing, grim prospect.

Homes of the fine wines—**above:** Château Olivier and **top:** Château Smith-Haut-Lafitte

As usual, and as one would expect in this delightful region of France, I had some most enjoyable meals and drank some interesting wines during my stay. It was the season when the fungus cèpe is plentiful and at its best, and I welcomed a dish of Cèpes à la Bordelaise after my Rognon de Veau Grillé at M Daney's restaurant, the Château Trompette, which I consider the best in Bordeaux. I have always considered that this small but elegant eating place with its impeccable cooking and service, and its great wine list well deserves two stars in the *Guide Michelin*, but it seems that the editors find it hard to accept that Bordeaux could produce a two-star hostelry. I cannot see why this should be the case, for I think that the Bordelais has a very high standard of food and wine, in many cases on a par with Burgundy, which is the most star-spangled region according to Michelin lights. Perhaps mistakenly, we chose a 1953 Cantemerle, which was drinkable, but clearly had seen better days.

I lunched at the Hotel Oliver at Langon, still personally managed by Madame, the mother of the great television chef and patron of the Grand Vefour in Paris. It is still as good as ever, and shows clearly where the great man has acquired the foundations of his artistry. One of the specialities, the Foie de Veau aux Raisins, was as delicious and as "melting in the mouth" as I remembered from the last time. We chose a St. Emilion, for a change, with the main course, La Gaffelière-Naudes 1958, which was fairly light and elegant and quite ready to drink.

The greatest wine I tasted during my stay was a Château Lafite 1934, at a small restaurant opposite the station, where the sea-food is especially good. This was the perfect example of the finest claret, at its best, full of bouquet. For an overall high standard of three consecutive wines during one meal I greatly enjoyed with lunch at Château Rausan Ségla—Château Olivier 1959, Ch. Smith-Haut-Lafitte 1955 and Ch. Rausan Ségla 1953. The vanishing greatness of a 1916 Château Latour served at one of the gracious homes of Bordeaux was of remarkable interest.

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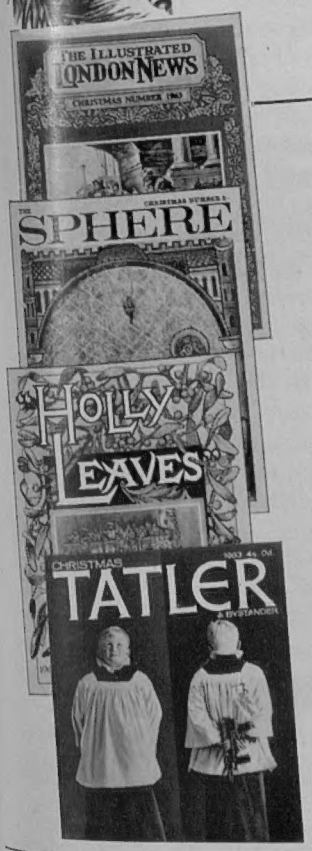

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NEW FROM GERMANY

468 The Paris Salon opens next Thursday, with a cavalcade of veteran cars from Britain to celebrate the fact that it is France's golden jubilee show. Already, at Germany's Frankfurt Show, we have seen that competition between Europe's leading car firms is going to be keener than ever in 1964, with a wider choice of models available to motorists.

Among them, from next spring, will be Germany's revolutionary new NSU Spider two-seater with its rear-mounted rotary piston engine invented by Dr Felix Wankel (who runs a technical development centre on Lake Constance). I was sorry I was unable to drive the new Spider at Frankfurt. NSU technicians told me the one on their stand was the only Spider they have yet built in production form. They assured me they have struck no unexpected development snags and are obviously very confident about the future of the Wankel engine. They said its arrival on the motoring scene will prove as significant as that of the diesel and that already a number of different versions of the basic Wankel design are under development by leading car firms, including air-cooled, compression-ignition and petrol injection models, some in both single- and multi-disc form.

NSU engineers use this term "disc" to refer to the triangular rotor which goes round and round inside a figure-of-eight casing in place of a piston going up and down as in an ordinary car engine. The Wankel has no valve gear and its big claimed advantages are lightness, small size, simplicity and smoothness. It also runs quietly.

The revolutionary German NSU Spider two-seater with its rear-mounted Wankel rotary piston engine

Prestige Mercedes

I did have a ride at Frankfurt in the Show's other outstanding exhibit: the luxurious new Mercedes-Benz 600, which has the most impressive mechanical specification of any car I know, though it is only beautiful in a heavy Teutonic kind of way. It has borrowed a number of advanced but well-tried design features from the 300 SE Mercedes, including self-levelling air suspension, powered steering and Daimler-Benz's own superb four-speed automatic gearbox. Additionally, it has refinements like push-button control of all seats for both leg room and squab rake (very efficient, this); and of windows, sliding roof and boot lid.

Mr Artur Keser, Daimler-Benz PRO, told me that with a price-tag of £4,500 in Germany the new Mercedes saloon (a top-grade prestige model which the Daimler-Benz range has lacked since the war) will probably cost about £9,000 in the UK when eventually it becomes available here. On the autobahn outside Frankfurt, Prince von Urach, one of Keser's colleagues, showed me that the 600—with its 6·3-litre V-8 engine—accelerates to its top speed of 125 m.p.h. with the verve of a sports car. He showed me, too, that on less smooth roads the 600 cruises fast in great comfort and quietness. Here is a magnificent motor car which, I regret to say, makes the better-looking Rolls-Royce seem quite old-fashioned from the mechanical point of view.

Doing the rounds at Frankfurt—whose motor show is staged on a much bigger scale than that of any other country, with a number of separate pavilions—I met several important figures in Europe's motor industry. Mr Allen Barke, managing director of British Ford, was full of enthusiasm for the new, still-secret model he is launching next Wednesday, but he also spoke with some anxiety of the growing sales battle with Continental firms like Volkswagen, Fiat and Renault, whose relatively high profitability he obviously envied.

Sir William Lyons showed me with pride the new Jaguar showrooms opened in Frankfurt by his distributor there, young Peter Lindner, whose exploits in race and rally have given a big fillip to Jag sales in Germany. Mr George Farmer, this year's SMMT president and executive vice-chairman of Rover, was mourning the death of his 59-years-old chairman, Mr Maurice Wilks; as also was the firm's managing director, Mr William Martin-Hurst, who married Mr Wilks' sister. Like Mr Barke, they were sorry their elegant new model, not yet announced, could not be at Frankfurt.

Dr Heinrich Nordhoff, boss of Volkswagen, told me he will be starting soon on the construction of a new factory at Emden: their fifth in Germany. It will be used for the assembly of export cars and will boost VW production by 500 vehicles a day from the present fantastic daily total of 5,100.

Talking to Sir Reginald Rootes and his advertising and public relations manager, Mr Bill Elsey (who has just been made a divisional director after 30 years with the Group), the conversation inevitably led to their new Sunbeam model for Italy: the newly announced Venezia Superleggera. It is based on the Humber Sceptre. Engine, gearbox and other mechanicals are shipped to Italy, where Touring are to put them in an aluminium body fitted to a frame of tubular steel.

Honda plans

Shortly before going to Frankfurt I flew to Brussels to meet that amazing little Japanese engineer Soichiro Honda, who, after achieving the ambition of becoming the world's greatest builder of motor cycles, is turning his attention to Grand Prix and sports cars. Just before moving out to Alost, 18 miles north of Brussels, for the formal opening of a new factory where Honda 50 c.c. models are being assembled for Britain, Germany and Benelux, Mr Honda told me he hopes to have his Formula One Grand Prix car ready in time to take part in at least one of Europe's major races next year. He also told me his new chain-driven 531 c.c. sports two-seater—two of which took part, unsuccessfully, in the recent Spa-Sofia-Liège "Marathon of the Route"—will be in production next month and that his first export market will probably be the US, where the Sport 500 will be in direct competition with the small British sports cars it resembles: those of BMC and Standard-Triumph. Mr Honda (who started in 1948 by fitting surplus Army engines to the crossbars of pedal cycles) said he has no plans for selling his sports car in Britain or of assembling it at Alost, though his choice of words was obviously guarded. He let me drive one of the cars that competed in the Spa-Sofia-Liège and I found it an exciting little roadster, with a four-carburetter engine that revs freely up to 10,000 r.p.m., a delightful gearbox and a windscreen the top rail of which came irritatingly just in my line of vision.

Briefly . . . . Improvements for 1964 to the Singer Gazelle (up in price by £16 to £723) include front disc brakes, easier maintenance, individual front seats and a slight face-lift. Borg-Warner automatic gearbox available for £91. . . . BMC state the introduction of the Austin 1100 will not affect production of popular Farina-styled A40, nearly 350,000 of which have been built since announcement five years ago. . . . Victor Britain, car hire specialists, announce scheme under which self-drive cars hired for three days from Thursday to Monday are charged for only two days. . . . Britax, Britain's biggest safety belt manufacturers, are importing from US (and will later build themselves) an electric system of press-button car window operation for fitting to family cars with ordinary winding windows. Easy to install, this apparatus—the Windo-Lift—costs £25. . . .

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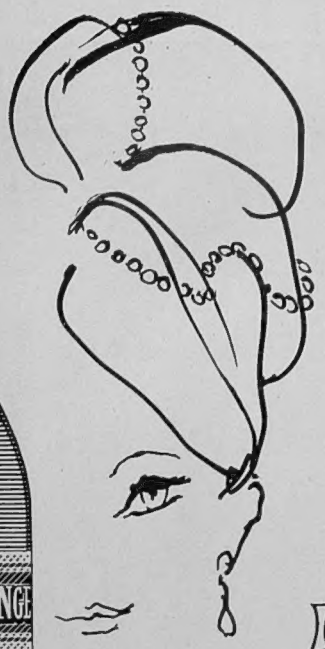

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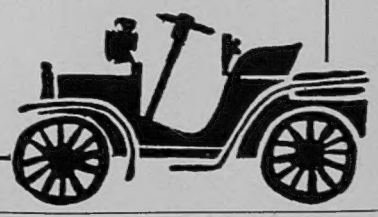

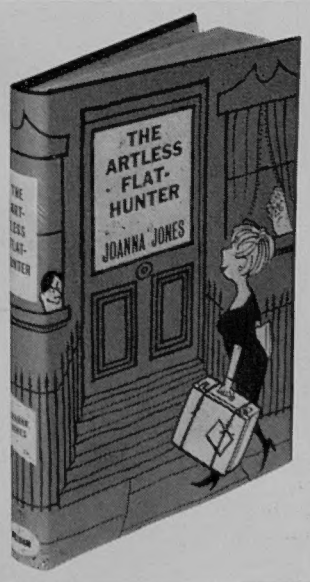

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